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# A W A R N I N G

for Faire Women.

Containing,  
*The most tragicall and lamentable murder*  
ther of Master George Sanders of London  
Marchant, nigh Shooters hill.

Consented vnto  
By his owne wife, acted by M. Browne, Mistris  
Drewry and Trusty Roger agents therein:  
with their feuerall ends.

As it hath beene lately diuerse times acted by the right  
Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine  
his Seruantes.



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## A warning for faire Women.

Enter at one doore, Hystorie with Drum and Ensigne :  
Tragedie at another, in her one hand a whip, in  
the other hand a knife.

Tragedie.



Vither away so fast : peace with that drum :  
Downe with that Ensigne which disturbs our  
out with this luggage, with this sopperie, (stage  
This brawling sheepskin is intollerable.

Hyst. Indeed no marvel though we should give  
Unto a common executioner: (place  
Come, come so, Gods sake, let vs stand away,  
Oh we shall haue some doughtie stuffe to day.

Enter Comedie at the other end.

Tra. What yet more Cats guts : O this filthy sound  
Stifles mine eares :  
More cartwheelles craking yet :  
A plague vpon't, Ile cut your fiddle strings,  
If you stand scraping thus to anger me.

Com. Oup mistris baskins with a whirligig, are you so  
Madam Melpomine, whose mare is dead touchie  
What you are going to take off her skin?

Tra. A plague vpon these filthy fiding trickes,  
Able to poyson any noble wit :



## *A warning for*

Avoid the Stage or Ile whip you hence.

Com. Indeed thou maist, for thou art Furthers Beadle,  
The common hangman unto Tyrannie.

But Hystorie, what all thre met at once?

What wonder's towards that we are got together?

Hyst. My meaning was to haue bene here to day,  
But meeting with my Ladie Tragedie,  
She scoulds me off:

And Comedie, except thou canst preuaile,  
I thinke she meanes to banish vs the Stage.

Com. Tut, tut, she cannot: she may for a day  
Or two perhaps be had in some request,  
But once a weeke if we do not appeere,  
She shall find few that will attend her heere.

Trag. I must confesse you haue some sparkes of wit,  
Some odde ends of old icasts scrap't by together,  
To tickle shallow iniudiciall eares,  
Perhaps some puling passion of a louer, but slight & childish,  
What is this to me?

I must haue passions that must moue the soule,  
Make the heart heauie, and throb within the bosome,  
Exorting teares out of the strictest eyes,  
To racke a thought and straine it to his forme,  
Untill I rap the sences from their course,  
This is my office.

Com. How some damnd tyrant to obtaine a crowne,  
Stabs, hangs, impoysons, smothers, cutteth throats,  
And then a Chorus too comes howling in,  
And tels vs of the wo:rying of a cat,  
Then of a filthie whining ghost,  
Lapt in some fowle sheete, or a leather pelch,  
Comes skreaming like a pigge halfe stickt,  
And cries Vindicta, reuenge, reuenge:  
With that a little Rolsen flasheth forth,  
Like smoke out of a Tabacco pipe, or a boyes squib:  
Then comes in two or thre like to drouers,

With



*faire women.*

With taylers bedkins, stabbing one another,  
Is not this trim? is not here goodly things?  
That you should be so much accounted of,  
I would not else.

Hyst. Now before God thoult make her mad anone,  
Thy ieasts are like a Wispe vnto a scould.

Com. Why say I could: what care I Hy storie?  
Then shall we haue a tragedie indeed:

Pure purple Buskin, blood and murther right.

Trag. Thus with your lose and idle similies,  
You haue abus'd me: but Ile whip you hence, *She whips*  
Ile scourge and lash you both from off the stage, *them.*

'Tis you haue kept the Theatres so long,  
Painted in play-bills, vpon euery poast,  
That I am scorned of the multitude,  
My name prophand: but now Ile raigne as Quene  
In great Apollos name and all the Muses,  
By vertue of whose Godhead I am sent,  
I charge you to be gone and leaue this place.

Hyst. Look Comedie, I markt it not till now,  
The stage is hung with blacke: and I perceiue  
The Auditors prepaire for Tragedie.

Com. Nay then I see she shall be intertain'd,  
These ornaments beseme not thee and me,  
Then Tragedie, kil them to day with sorrow,  
Wee'l make them laugh with mytthfull ieasts to morrow.

Hyst. And Tragedie although to day thou raigne,  
To morrow here Ile dominere againe, *Exeunt.*

*Turning to the people.*

Tra. Are you both gone so soone? why then I see  
All this faire circuite here is left to me:  
All you spectators, turne your chearfull eie,  
Giue intertainment vnto Tragedie,  
My Sceane is London, native and your owne,  
I sigh to thinke, my subiect too well knowne,  
I am not faine: many now in this round,



## *A warning for*

Once to behold me in sad teares were drownd,  
Yet what I am, I will not let you know,  
Untill my next ensuing scene shall shew.

*Enter Sanders, Anne Sand: Drurie, Browne, Roger and master  
Sand: servant.*

Sand. Gentleman, here must we take our leave,  
Thanking you for your courteous companie,  
And for your good discourse of Ireland,  
Whereas it seems you have bene resident,  
By your well noting the particulars.

Browne. True sir, I have bene there familiar,  
And am no better knowne in London here,  
Than I am there unto the better sort,  
Chiefely in Dublin where ye heard me say,  
Are as great feasts as this we had to day.

Sand. So have I heard, the land giues good increase,  
Of euerie blessing for the vse of man,  
And 'tis great pittie the inhabitants,  
Will not be ciuil, nor liue vnder law.

Browne. As ciuil in the English pale as here,  
And lawes obeide, and orders duly kept,  
And al the rest may one daie be reduced.

Sand. God grant it so: I praye you whats your name?

Browne. My name's George Browne.

Sand. God be with ye good master Browne.

Browne. Danie farewells master Sanders to your selfe,  
and to these Gentlewomen: Ladies, God be with you.

Anne San. God be with ye sir.

Dru. Thanks for your companie,  
I like your talk of Ireland so wel  
That I could wish time had not cut it off,  
I pray ye sir if ye come nere my house  
Call, and you shall be welcome master Browne.

Browne. I thanke ye mistress Drurie: is't not so?

Dru. My name is Anne Drurie.

Sand.



## *faire women.*

Sand. Widow, come, will ye go?

Dr. He waite vpon you sir.

*Exeunt Sanders. A. San. makes a curtesie and departe,  
and all the rest (saying Roger, whom Browne calles.)*

Bro. Hearke ye, my friend,  
Are not you seruant vnto mistres Drurie?

Rog. Yes indeed so; sooth, so; fault of a better,  
I haue seru'd her (man and boy) this seuen yeres.

Bro. I pray thee do me a peece of fauour then,  
And He requite it.

Rog. Any thing I can.

Bro. Entreate thy mistres when she takes her leaue,  
Of maister Sanders and his wife, to make retire  
Hither againe, so; I will speake with her.  
Wilt thou do't so; me?

Rog. Yea sir that I will.  
Where shal she finde ye?

Bro. He not stirre from hence:  
Say I intreate her but a woꝛde oꝛ two,  
She shall not stay longer then likes her selfe.

Rog. Say sir so; that as you two can agree,  
He warrant you ile bring her to ye straight. *Exit Roger.*

Bro. Straight oꝛ crooked, I must nedes speake with her,  
For by this light my heart is not my owne,  
But taken prisoner at this frolicke feast,  
Intangled in a net of golden wiar,  
Which lone had sily laid in her faire looks.  
O maister Sanders th' art a happie man,  
To haue so sweet a creature to thy wife,  
Whom I must winne, oꝛ I must lose my life,  
But if she be as modest as she seemes,  
Thy heart may breake George Browne ere thou obtains.  
This mistres Drurie must be made the meane,  
What ere it cost to compasse my desire,  
And I hope wel, she doth so sone retire, *Enter Roger and  
Drurie.*

*God*



## A warning for

Good mistris Drurie pardon this bold part  
That I haue plaid vpon so sinall acquaintance,  
To send for you, let your good nature bid?  
The blame of my bad nurture for this once.

Dru. I take it for a fauour master Browne,  
And no offence, a man of your faire parts,  
Will send for me to seeke him anie way.

Rog. Sir, ye shall find my mistris as curteous a gentle  
woman, as any is in London, if ye haue occasion to vs  
her. ———take her aside,

Bro. So I presume friend, mistris by your leaue,  
I would not that your man should heare our speech,  
For it concernes me much it be conceald.

Dru. I hope it is no treason you wil speake.

Bro. No by my faith, no felonie.

Dru. Say then, though my man Roger heare it, neuer care  
If it be loue, or secrets due to that,  
Roger is trustie I dare palme my life,  
As anie fellow within London walles,  
But if you haue some secret maladie,  
That craues my helpe, to vse my surgerie,  
Which though I say 't is prettie: he shall hence,  
If not, be bold to speake, there's no offence.

Bro. I haue no soze, but a new inward griepe,  
Which by your phisicke may find some reliefe.

Dru. What, is 't a surfet?

Bro. I, at this late feast.

Dru. Why, *Aqua celestis*, or the water of balme,  
Or *Rosa solis*, or that of Doctor Stecuens  
Will help a surfeit. Now I remember me,  
Mistris Sanders hath a soueraigne thing,  
To help a sodaine surfeit presently.

Bro. I thinke she haue: how shall I compasse it?

Dru. Ile send my man for some on't.

Bro. Pray ye stay.

Shall neuer send that which wil do me good.

Dru.



## *faire women.*

Drewry I say not so, for then ye know her not.

Browne I would I did so well as I could wish —aside.

Drewry Shes even as courteous a gentlewoman sir,  
As kind a peate, as London can afford:  
Not send it quoth a: yes and bring t herselfe,  
If neede require: a poore woman to her day,  
Her water-bearers wife, had surfeted  
With eating beanes (ye know tis windy meate)  
And the poore creature s subiect to the stone:  
She went her selfe, and gaue her but a dramme,  
It holp her strait, in lesse than halfe an houre  
She fell vnto her busines till she sweat,  
And was as well as I am now.

Browne But that which helps a woman helps not me.  
A womans help will rather do me good.

Dru. I faith I ha found you, are ye such one?  
Well Maister Browne, I warrant, let you alone.

Browne But Mistris Drewry, leaue me not yet alone,  
For if ye do, I neuer shall alone  
Obtaine the company that my soule desires:  
Faith tell me one thing, can ye not do much  
With Mistris Sanders, are you not inward with her?

Drewry I dare presume to do as much with her,  
As any woman in this cittie can.

Browne Whats your opinion of her honesty?

Drewry O very honest, very chaste yfaith,  
I will not wrong her for a thousand pound.

Browne Then all your physicke can not cure my wound.

Drewry Your wound is loue, is that your surfet sir?

Browne Yea, and tis curelesse without helpe of her.

Drewry I am very sozie that I cannot ease ye,

Browne Well, if ye can, yfaith I will well please ye.

Drewry You weare a pretty turkelle there me thinkes,  
I would I had the fellow on t.

Browne Take ye this,  
Upon condition to effect my blisse.



## *A warning for*

**Dru.** Pardon me that sir, no condition,  
For that grieve I am no phisition,  
How saist thou Roger, am I?

**Ro.** Yea forsooth mistris, what? what did ye aske?

**Dru.** This gentleman's in leue  
With mistris Sanders, and would haue me speake  
In his behalfe, how saist thou, dare I doe't,  
And she so honest, wise and vertuous?

**Bro.** What meane ye mistris Drurie to bewray,  
Unto your man, what I in secret spake?

**Dru.** Tush, feare not you, tis trustie Roger this,  
I vse his counsell in as deepe affaires,  
How saist thou Hodge?

**Rog.** Mistris, this say I: though mistris Sanders be very  
honest, as in my conscience she is, and her husband wise and  
suttle, and in al Welinsgate-ward not a kinder couple, yet if  
you wold wzong her husband your deere frind, me thinks ye  
haue such a sweete tongue, as wil supple a stone, and for my  
life, if ye list to labour, youle win her. Sit sticke close to my  
mistris, she is studying the law: and if ye be not strait laced  
ye know my mind, shal do it for ye, and ile play my part.

**Bro.** Here Mi. Drurie this same ring is yours,

*Give her a Ring.*

**Dru.** Wear't for my sake, and if ye do me good,  
Command this chaine, this hand, and this heart bloud,  
What say ye to me? speake a cheereful word.

**Rog.** Faith mistris do, he's a fine gentleman,  
Pittie he should languish for a little loue.

**Dru.** Yea but thou knowest they are both my friends,  
He's very wise, she verie circumspect,  
Verie respectiue of her honest name.

**Rog.** If ye list you can couer as great a blame.

**Dru.** If I should breake it, and she take it il.

**Rog.** Tut, you haue cunning, pray ye vse your skill:  
To her master Browne.

**Bro.** What say ye to me Ladie?

**Dru.**



## *faire women.*

**Dru.** This I say.

I can not make a man, to cast away  
So goodly a creature as your selfe, were sinne:  
Second my onset, so, I wil begin  
To bzeake the ice that you may passe the sworde,  
Do your good wil, you shal haue my good word.

**Bro.** But how shal I haue oportunitie?

**Dru.** That must be watch'd, but verie secretly.

**Bro.** How? at her house?

**Dru.** There ye may not enter.

**Bro.** How then?

**Dru.** By some other fine aduenture,  
Watch when her husband goes to the Exchange,  
Shee'l sit at doore: to her though she be strange,  
Spare not to speake, ye can but be denide,  
Women loue most, by whom they are most tride,  
My man shal watch, and I wil watch my turne,  
I can not see so faire a Gallant mourne.

**Bro.** We blesse my soule by shewing me the waie,  
O mistris Drurie, if I do obtaine,  
Do but imagine how ile quit your paine,  
But where's her house?

**Dru.** Against S. Dunstones church.

**Bro.** S. Dunstones in Fleetstræte?

**Dru.** No, neere Belinsgate,  
S. Dunstones in the East, thats in the West,  
Be bold to speake so, I wil do my best.

**Bro.** Thanks mistris Drurie, Roger drinke you that,  
And as I speede expect your recompence.

**Rog.** I thanke ye sir, nay ile gage my hand,  
Few women can my mistris force withstand.

**Dru.** Sir, this is all ye haue to say?

**Bro.** For this time mistris Drurie we wil part.  
Winne mistris Sanders, and ye winne my heart.

**Dru.** Hope you the best, she shal haue much adoe,  
To hold her own when I begin to woo: come Hodge. *Exit.*



## *A warning for*

Rog. I trust sir when my mistris has obtaind your sute,  
You le sute me in a cast sute of your apparell.

Browne. Cast and uncast shal trustie Roger haue,  
If thou be secret, and an honest knaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Anne Sanders with her little sonne, and sit  
at her doore.*

Boy. Praise ye mother when shal we goe to supper?

Anne Why, when your father comes from the Exchange,  
We are not hungrie since ye came from schole.

Boy. Not hungrie (mother,) but I would faine cate.

Anne. Forbeare a while vntil your father come,  
I sit here to expect his quicke returne.

Boy. Mother, shal not I haue new bow and shafts,  
Against our schole go a feasting?

Anne. Yes if ye learn,  
And against Easter new apparel too.

Boy. Youle lend me al your scarfes, and al your rings,  
And buy me a white feather for my velvet cappe,  
Will ye mother? yea say, praise ye say so.

Anne. Goe prattling boy, go bid your sister see  
My Closet lockt when she takes out the fruite.

Boy. I wil forsooth, and take some for my paines. *Exit Boy*

Anne. Well sir sauce, do's your master teach ye that?  
I praise God blesse thee, thart a verie wagge.

*Enter Browne.*

Browne. Ponder she sits to light this obscure strate,  
Like a bright diamond woyme in some darke place,  
Or like the moone in a blacke winters night,  
To comfort wandring trauellers in their waie,  
But so demure, so modest are her lookes,  
So chaste her eies, so vertuous her aspect,  
As do repulse loues false Artilerie;  
Yet must I speake though checkt with scornful nay,  
Desire draws on, but Reason bids me staie,  
My Tutrest Drurie gaue me charge to speake:

*And*



*faire women.*

And speake I must, or els my heart wil bzeake.  
God saue ye mistris Sanders, al alone?  
But ye to take the view of passengers?

Anne. No in good sooth sir, I giue smal regard  
Who comes, or goes, my husband I attend,  
Whose comining wil be speedie from th Exchange,

Bro. A good exchange made he for single life,  
That ioynde in marryage with so sweete a wife.

Anne. Come ye to speake with maister Sanders sir?

Bro. Why aske ye that?

Anne. Because ye make a staie,  
Here at his doze.

Bro. I staie in curtesie,  
To giue you thanks for your last companie,  
I hope my kind salute doth not offend?

Anne. No sir, and yet such vnerpected kindnesse,  
is like herb Iohn in broth.

Bro. I praise ye how's that?

Anne. I may euen as wel be laide aside as vsbe,  
If ye haue businesse with my husband sir,  
I are welcome, otherwise I take my leaue.

Bro. Nay gentle mistris, let not my accesse  
Be meanes to dztue you from your doze so soone:  
I would be loath to prejudice your pleasure,  
For my good liking at the feast conceiu'd,  
If maister Sanders shal haue cause to vse,  
The fauour of some noble personage,  
Let him imploie no other but George Browne,  
I effect his sute without a recompence,  
I speake I know not what, my tongue and heart,  
Are so diuided through the force of Love. ——— aside

Anne. I thanke ye sir, but if he haue such cause,  
I hope he's not so boide of friends in Court,  
But he may speede and neuer trouble you,  
Yet I wil do your errand if ye please.

Bro. Euen as't please you: I doubt I trouble ye.



## *A warning for*

Anne Resolue your doubt, and trouble me no more.

Bro. Twil neuer be: I thought as much before.  
God be with you Distris.

Anne Fare ye wel, good sir.

Bro. Ile to Nan Drewry yet, and talke with her. *Exit.*

Anne These arrand-making Gallants are good men,  
That cannot passe and see a woman sit  
Of any sort, alone at any doze,  
But they will find a scuse to stand and prate,  
Foles that they are to bite at euery baite.

*Enter Sanders.*

Here he comes now whom I haue lookt so long.

San. How now sweet Nan, sitt thou here all alone?

Anne Better alone, than haue bad company.

Sand. I trust there's none but good resorts to thee.

Anne There shall not sir, if I know what they be:  
Ye haue staide late sir at th' Exchange to night.

Sand. Upon occasion Nan, is supper ready?

Anne An houre agoe.

Sanders And what good company?

None to sup with vs: Send one for Nan Drewry,  
Shéele play the wagge, tell tales, and make vs merrie.

Anne I thinke sh'as supt, but one shall run and looke:  
If your meate be marrde, blame your selfe, not the cooke.

Sand. How ere it be, wéele take it in good part  
For once and vse it not, come, lets in sweet heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anne Drewry, and Trusty Roger her man,  
to them Browne.*

Dru. Roger come hither, was there no messenger  
This day from maister Browne to speake with me?

Roger Distris, not any, and that I maruell at:  
But I can tell you, he must come and send,  
And be no niggard of his purse beside,  
Or else I know how it will go with him:  
We must not thinke to anker where he hopes,

Unlesse



## *faire women.*

Unlessc you be his pylot.

Dru. Where is that?

The fellow talkes and prates he knowes not what,  
I be his pylot: whither: canst thou tell?  
The cause he doth frequent my house thou seest,  
As for the loue he beares vnto my daughter.

Rog. A verie good cloake mistres for the raine,  
And therein I must needs commend your wit,  
Close dealing is the safest: by that meanes  
The world will be the lesse suspicious:  
For whilst t'is thought he doth affect your daughter,  
Who can suspect his loue to mistris Sanders?

Dru. Why now thou art as I would haue thee be  
Conceited, and of quicke capacitie,  
Some heauie drawlatch would haue bin this moneth,  
(Though houlie I had instructed him)  
Befoze he could haue found my policie.  
But Hodge, thou art my hearts interpreter,  
And be thou secret still, as thou hast beene,  
And doubt not but weele all gaine by the match:  
George Browne as thou knowest is well reckond of.  
A proper man and hath good stoz of coine,  
And mistres Sanders she is yong and faire,  
And may be tempzed easily like ware.  
Especially by one that is familiar with her.

Rog. True mistres, no: is she the first by many,  
That you haue wonne to stope vnto the lewre,  
It is your trade, your liuing, what needs moze?  
Dyue you the bargain, I will keepe the doze.

Dru. Trustie Roger, thou wel deseruest thy name,

Rog. But mistris, shal I tell you what I thinke?

Dru. Yes Hodge, what ist?

Rog. If you le be ruld by me,  
Let them pay well for what you undertake:  
Be not a spokeshoman mistres for none of them,  
But be the better for it: times will charge,

And



## *A warning for*

And there's no trusting to vncertainties.

Dru. Dost thinke I will: then beg me for a soke,  
The money I will singe twixt them twaine  
Shall make my daughter such a dowrie,  
As I will match her better then with Browne,  
To some rich Atturney, or Gentleman:  
Let me alone, if they enjoy their pleasure,  
My sweete shalbe to feede vpon their treasure.

Rog. Hold you there mistres: here comes mast. Browne.

Bro. Good morrow mistres Drurie.

*Enter Browne.*

Dru. What maister Browne,

Now by my faith you are the very last man  
We talkt of: y' are welcome sir, how do you?  
And how speede you concerning that you wot of?

Roger Mistres, ile vowe the place, if so you please.  
And giue you leaue in priuate to conferre.

Browne Whither goes Roger? call him backe againe.

Dru. Come hither sirra, M. Browne will haue you stay.

Bro. Why how now Roger: wil you shrink from mee?  
Because I saw you not, do you suppose  
I make no reckoning of your company.  
What man: thy trust is it I build vpon.

Roger I thanke you sir: nay pray you be not offended,  
I would be loath to seeme vnmannarly.

Bro. But a ffigs end: thy counsell will do well,  
And we must vse thee, therefore tarry here,  
I haue no other secret to reueale,  
But onely this, that I haue broke the ice,  
And made an entrance to my loues pursute:  
Sweete mistris Sanders that choise argument  
Of all perfection, sitting at her doore  
Euen now I did salute: some words there past,  
But nothing to the purpose, neither time,  
Nor place consozted to my minde: beside,  
Recourse of seruants, and of passengers  
Might haue bene iealous of our conference:

And



*faire women.*

And therefore I refraine all large discourse,  
Only thus much I gatherd by her speech,  
That she is affable, not coy, nor scornfull,  
And may be winne, would you but be intreated  
To be a mediator for me, and perswade her.

Rog. I pray you do so mistress, you do know  
That maister Brown's an honest gentleman,  
And I dare sweare will recompence you well.

Bro. If she doe mistrust me, there's my purse,  
And in the same ten angels of good gold,  
And when I can but haue access to her,  
And am in any possibilitie  
To winne her fauour, challenge of me more,  
A hundred pound in marriage with your daughter.

Dru. Alas how dare I maister Browne? her husband  
Is one that I am much beholding to,  
A man both louing, bountifull and iust,  
And to his wife, in all this cittie, none  
More kinde, more loyall harted, or more firme,  
What sinne were it to loe him then that wrong?

Bro. Oh speake not of his worth, but of her praise,  
If he be firme, shes faire, if he bountifull,  
Shes beautifull, if he loyall, shes louely,  
If he, in all the Cittie for a man  
Be the most absolute she, in all the world  
Is for a woman the most excellent:  
Oh earth hath seldome such a creature seene:  
Nor subiect bin possess with such a loue.

Rog. Mistris, can you heare this, and not be mou'd?  
I would it lay in me to helpe you sir,  
I faith you should not need so many words.

Bro. I know that, thou hast alwayes bene my friend,  
And though I neuer see Anne Sanders more,  
Yet for my sake drinke this: and mistress Drewrie,  
England I must be forst to bid farewell,  
Or shortly looke to heare that I am dead,



## *A warning for*

Unlesse I may pꝛeuaille to get her lone.

Rog. Good mistres leaue your dumps, and speake to him.  
You need not studie so, it is no such labour:  
Alas, wil you see a gentleman cast away?  
All is but George, I pray you let be done.

Dru. Well maister Browne, not for your monies sake.  
So much, as in regard I loue you well,  
Am I content to be your Orator,  
Mistres Sanders shall be certified,  
How feruently you loue her, and withal,  
Some other words I le vñ in your behalfe,  
As you shal haue access to her at least.

Bro. I aske no more, when will you undertake it?

Dru. This day, it shall no longer be deferred.  
And in the euening you shal know an answer.

Bro. Here at your house?

Dru. Yea here if so you please.

Bro. No better place, I rest vpon your promise:  
So fare well mistresse Drurie till that heure,  
What sweet can earth afford will not seeme soluer.

Dru. He's sped yfayth: come Roger let vs go,  
All is the wind doth no man profite blow.

Rog. I shall not be the worse for it, that I know. *Exeunt.*

*Enter maister Sanders and his man.*

San. Sirra, what bills of debt are due to me?

Man. All that were due sir as this day, are paid.

San. You haue inough then to discharge the bond  
Of maister Ashmores fiftene hundred pound,  
That must be tendered on the Exchange to night?

Man. With that which maister Bishop owes, we haue.

San. When is his time to pay?

Man. This after none.

San. He's a sure man, thou needst not doubt of him.  
In any case take heed vnto my credite,  
I doe not vñ (thou knowest) to breake my worde,  
Much lesse my bond: I pꝛe thee looke vnto it,

*And*



## *faire women.*

And when as master Bishop sends his money,  
Bzing the whole summe: ile be vpon the Burse,  
Or if I be not, thou canst take a quittance.

Man. What shall I say vnto my mistres, sir?  
She bade me tell out thirtie pounds euen now,  
She meant to haue bestowed in linnen cloath.

San. She must deterre her market till to morrow,  
I know no other shift: my great affaires  
Must not be hindzed by such trifling wares.

Man. She told me sir the Draper would be here,  
And George the Milliner with other things,  
Which she appointed should be brought her home.

San. All's one for that, another time shall serue,  
For is there any such necessitie,  
But she may verie well forbear a while.

Man. She will not so be answered at my hand.

San. Tell her I did command it should be so. *Exit.*

Man. Your pleasure shall be done sir, though thereby  
Tis I am like to beare the blame away.

*Enter Anne Sanders, mistres Drurie, a Draper  
and a Miliner.*

Anne. Come neare I pray you, I doe like your linnen,  
and you shall haue your price: but you my friend, the gloues  
you shewed me, and the Italian purse are both well made.  
and I doe like the fashion, but trust me, the perfume I am  
afraide will not continue, yet vpon your worde ile haue  
them too. Sirra where is your Maister?

Man. Forsooth hees gone to th Exchange euen now.

Anne. Haue you the mony ready which I cald for?

Man. No, if it please you, my master gaue me charge I  
should deliuer none.

Anne. Howes that sir knaue?

Your master chargd you should deliuer none?

Go to, dispatch and fetch me thirtie pound,



## *A warning for*

**D:** I wil send my fingers to your lips.

**Drewry** Good fortune, thus incens'd against her husband,  
I shal the better breake with her so? Browne. ——— aside.

**Man** I praie you mistris pacifie your selfe,  
I dare not do it.

**Anne.** You dare not, and why so?

**Man.** Because there's money to be paide to night,  
Upon an obligation.

**Anne.** What of that?

**Wherefore** I may not haue to serue my turne,

**Man** In deepe so?soth there is not in the house,  
As yet sufficient to discharge that debt.

**Anne.** 'Tis wel that I must stand at your reuerſion,  
Intreat my pzentise, cortesie to my man:  
And he must be purse-bearer, when I neede,  
This was not wont to be your masters order.

**Drewry** Po, He be swozne of that: I neuer knew,  
But that you had at al times mistris Sanders,  
A greater summe than that at a command,  
May perhaps the world may now be chang'd.

**Man.** Feede not my mistris anger, mistris Drewry,  
You do not well: to morrow if she list,  
It is not twice so much but she may haue it.

**Anne.** So that my breach of credite, in the while  
Is not regarded: I haue brought these men,  
To haue their mony for such necessaries,  
As I haue bought, and they haue honestly  
Delivered to my hands, and now so?soth,  
I must be thought so bare and hoggarly,  
As they must be put of vntil to morrow.

**I** Good mistris Sanders trouble not your selfe,  
If that be all, your word shal be sufficient,  
Were it so? thrice the value of my ware.

**2** And trust me mistris you shal do me wrong,  
If otherwise you do conceit of me,  
Be it for a weeke, a so?tnight, or a month,



*faire women.*

W<sup>h</sup>en you will, I neuer would desire  
Better securitie for all I am wo<sup>r</sup>th.

Anne. I thanke you for your gentlenes my friends,  
But I haue neuer vsde to goe on credite.

There is two crownes betwixt you for your paines,  
Sirra, deliuer them their staffe againe,  
And make them drinke a cup of wine, farewell;

1 God mistris Sanders let me leane the clothy,  
I shal be chidden when I doe come home;

2 And I, therefore I pray you be perswaded.

Anne. No no, I wil excuse you to your maisters: *Exeunt.*  
So if you loue me vse no moze intreatie.

I am a woman, and in that respect,  
Am well content my husband shal controule me,  
But that my man should ouerawe me too,  
And in the sight of strangers, mistris Drurie:  
I tell you true, do's grieue me to the heart.

Dru. Your husband was too blame, to say the troth,  
That gaue his seruant such authoritie,  
What signifies it but he doth repose  
More trust in a vilde boy, than in his wife?

Anne. Nay, giue me leaue to thinke the best of him,  
It was my destinie and not his malice,  
Sure I did know as wel when I did rise  
This morning, that I should be chaff ere none,  
As where I stand.

Dru. By what, good mistris Sanders?

An. Why by these yelow spots vpon my fingers,  
They neuer come to me, but I am sure  
To heare of anger ere I goe to bed.

Dru. 'Tis like enough, I pray you let me see,  
God sooth they are as manifest as day,  
And let me tel you too, I see disciphred,  
Within this palme of yours, to quite that euil,  
Faire signes of better fortune to ensue,  
Cheere vp your heart, you shortly shalbe free.



## *A warning for*

From al your troubles. See you this character  
Directly fixed to the line of life:

It signifies a dissolution,

You must be (mistris Anne) a widdow shortly.

Anne. No, God forbid, I hope you do but iest.

Dru. It is most certaine, you must burie George.

Anne. Have you such knowledge then in palmestrie?

Dru. More then in surgerie, though I do make  
That my profession, this is my best living,  
And where I cure one sicknesse or disease,  
I tell a hundred fortunes in a yeere.

What makes my house so haunted as it is,  
With merchants wives, bachlers and yong maides,  
But for my matchlesse skil in palmestrie?  
Lend me your hand againe, ile tel you more.

A widdow said I: yea, and make a change,  
Not for the worse, but for the better farre:  
A gentleman (my girle) must be the next,  
A gallant fellow, one that is belou'd  
Of great estates, tis playnely figurd here,  
And this is calld the Ladder of Promotion.

Anne. I do not wish to be promoted so,  
My George is gentle, and belou'd beside,  
And I haue even as good a husband of him,  
As anie wench in London hath beside,

Dru. True, he is good, but not too good for God,  
He's kind, but can his loue dispence with death,  
He's wealthie, and an handsome man beside,  
But wil his graue be satisfied with that?  
He keeps you wel, who saies the contrary?  
Yet better's better. Now you are araide  
After a ciuill manner, but the next  
Shall keepe you in your hood, and gowne of silke,  
And when you stirre abroade, ride in your coach,  
And haue your dozen men all in a livery  
To waite vpon you: this is somewhat like:

*Pet*



## *faire women:*

Anne. Yet had I rather be as now I am,  
If God were pleased that it should be so,

Dru. I marrie now you speake like a good christian,  
If God were pleased: But he hath decreed  
It shalbe otherwise, and to repine  
Against his pꝛouidence you know tis sinne.

An. Your words do make me think I know not what,  
And burden me with feare as wel as doubt.

Dru. Tut, I could tel ye for a neede, his name,  
That is sꝛdaind to be your next husband,  
But for a testimonie of my former speeches,  
Let it suffice I find it in your hand,  
That you already are acquainted with him,  
And let me see, this crooked line deriude  
From your ring finger shewes me, not long since  
You had some speech with him in the stræte,  
And neere about your doze I am sure it was.

Anne. I know of none moꝛe than that gentleman,  
That sꝛpt with vs, they cal him captaine Browne,  
And he I must confesse against my wil,  
Came to my doze as I was sitting there,  
And vsde some idle chat might a beane sparde  
And moꝛe I wis than I had pleasure in,

Dru. I cannot tel, if captaine Browne it were,  
Then captaine Browne is he must marrie you.  
His name is George I take it: yea tis so,  
My rules of palme stꝛie declare no lesse,

An. Tis verie strange how ye should know so much,

Dru. Nay I can make rehearsal of the words,  
Did passe betwixt you if I were dispoꝛde,  
Yet I protest I neuer saw the man,  
Since, noꝛ befoꝛe the night he sꝛpt with vs,  
Briefly, it is your foꝛtune mistꝛis Sanders,  
And there's no remedie but you must leaue him,  
I counsel you to no immedestie  
Tis lawfull, one deceast to take an other.



## *Warning for*

In the meane space I would not haue you coy,  
But if he come vnto your house, or so,  
To vse him courteously, as one for whom  
You were created in your birth a wife.

Anne. If it be so, I must submit my selfe,  
To that which God and destiny lets downe:  
But yet I can assure you mistres Drurie,  
I do not find me any way inclinde  
To change off new affection, nor God willing  
Will I be false to Sanders whilst I liue.  
By this time hee's returned from th' Exchange,  
Come, you shal sup with vs.

*Exit.*

Dr. He solow you:  
Why this is wel, I neuer could haue found  
A fitter way to compasse Brownes desire,  
For in her womans breast kindled loues fire.  
For this will hammer so within her head,  
As for the new, sheele with the old were dead,  
When in the necke of this I will deuise  
Some stratageme to close vp Sanders eyes.

*Enter Tragedie with a bowle of blood in her hand.*

Tra. Will now you haue but sitten to behold,  
The fatal entrance to our bloudie sceane,  
And by gradations seene how we haue growne  
Into the maine streame of our tragedie:  
Al we haue done, hath only beene in words,  
But now we come vnto the dismall act,  
And in these sable Curtains shut we vp,  
The Comicke entrance to our direful play,  
This deadly banquet is preparede at hand,  
Where Ebony tapers are brought vp from hel,  
To leade blacke murther to this damned deed,  
The ugly Screechowe, and the night Raven,  
With flaggy wings and hideous creaking noise.  
Do beate the casements of this fatal house,  
Whilst I do bring my dreadful furies forth,

*Co*



18  
*faire women.*

To spread the table to this bloudy feast. *They come to cover.*  
*The while they cover.*

Come forth and cover, for the time bates on,  
Dispatch, I say, for now I must imploy ye  
To be the vishers to this damned traine.  
Bring forth the banquet, and that lustfull wine,  
Which in pale mazers made of dead mens sculles,  
They shall carowse to their destruction:  
By this they're entred to this fatall doze,  
Marke how the gastly fearefull chimes of night  
Do ring them in: and with a dolefull peale

*Here some strange solemne musike like belles  
is heard within.*

Do fill the roose with sounds of tragedie:  
Dispatch, I say, and be their vishers in.

The Furies goe to the doore and meete them: first  
the Furies enter before leading them, dauncing a soft  
daunce to the solemne musicke: next comes Lust be-  
fore Browne, leading mistris Sanders couered with a  
blacke vaile: Chastitie all in white, pulling her backe  
softly by the arme: then Drury, thrusting away Cha-  
stitie, Roger following: they march about, and then  
sit to the table: the Furies fill wine, Lust drinckes to  
Browne, he to Mistris Sanders, shee pledgeth him:  
Lust imbraceth her, she thrusteth Chastity from her,  
Chastity wrings her hands, and departs: Drury and  
Roger imbrace one an other: the Furies leape and  
imbrace one another.

*Whilst they sit downe, Tragedie speakes.*

Here is the Paske vnto this damned murther,  
The Furies first, the diuell leades the daunce:  
Next, lawlesse Lust conducteth cruell Browne,  
He doth seduce this poore deluded soule,  
Attended by vnspotted Innocence,  
As yet vnguiltie of her husbands death.  
Next followes on that instrument of hell

D

That



## *A warning for*

**That wicked Drurie, the accursed fiend,  
That thrusts her forward to destruction,  
And last of al is Roger, Druries man,  
A villaine expert in all trecherie,  
One conuersant in al her damned dzifts,  
And a base broker in this murderous act.  
Here they prepare them to these lustful feasts,  
And here they sette all wicked murthers guests.**

*Tragedie standing to beholde them a while, till  
the shew be done, againe turning  
to the people.*

**Thus sinne preuailes, she dzinkes that popsoned draught,  
With which base thoughts henceforth infects her soule,  
And wins her free consent to this foule deed,  
Now bloud and Lust, doth conquer and subdue,  
And Chastitie is quite abandoned:  
Here enters Murder into al their hearts,  
And doth possesse them with the helthie thirst  
Of guiltlesse blood: now wil I wake my chime  
And lay this charming rod vpon their eyes,  
To make them sleepe in their securitie.**

*They sleepe.*

**Thus sittes this poore soule, innocent of late,  
Amongst these diuels at this damned feast,  
Vnne and betraide to their detested sinne,  
And thus with blood their hands shalbe imbzu'de,**

*Murder settes downe her blood,  
and rubbes their  
hands.*

*To Browne*

**Thy hands shal both be touch'd, for they alone  
Are the soule actors of this impious deed:**



## *faire women.*

*To Drewry and Roger.*

And thine:and thine :foz thou didst lay the plot,  
And thou didst worke this damned witch deuise,  
Your hands are both as deepe in blood as his.

*To Anne.*

Only thou diptst a finger in the same,  
And here it is : Awake now when you will,  
Foz now is the time wherein to worke your ill.

*Here Browne starts up : drawes his sword,  
and runnes out.*

Thus he is gone whilest they are all secure,  
Resolu'd to put these desperate thoughts in vze,  
They follow him:and them wil I attend,  
Untill I bring them all vnto their end.

*Enter Sanders, and one or two with him.*

San. You see sir still I am a dayly guest,  
But with so true friends as I hold your selfe,  
I had rather be too rude, then too pzeise.

Gent. Sir this house is yours:you come but to your owne,  
And what else I cal mine, is wholly yours,  
So much I do endere your loue sweet master Sanders,  
A light ho, there.

San. Well sir at this time ile rather be vnmanerly then  
Ile leaue you sir to recommend my thanks, (cerenionious,  
Vnto your kind respectiue wife.

Gent. Sir foz your kind patience, shee's much beholding  
And I beseech you remember me to mistris Sanders. (to you

San. Sir I thanke you foz hir.

Gent. Sirra, ho, whose within there ?  
Prentice. Sir.

Gent. Light a Torch there, and wait on M<sup>r</sup>. Sanders home.

San. It shall not need sir, it is light enough.



## *A warning for*

**Let it alone.**

**Gent. Nay, I pray ye sir.**

**Sanders** I faith sir at this time it shall not neede,  
Tis very light, the streets are full of people,  
And I haue some occasion by the way that may detain me.

**Gent. Sir, I am sozie, that you go alone, tis somewhat late,**

**Sanders** Tis wel sir, God send you happie rest. (thing,

**Gent. God blesse you sir: passion of me, I had so, got one**  
I am glad I thought of it before we parted:  
Pour patience sir a little.

*Here enters Browne speaking, in casting one side of his cloake  
under his arme. While master Sanders and he are in bu-  
sie talke one to the other, Browne steps to a corner.*

**Browne** This way he should come, and a fitter place,  
The towne affoꝝdes not, tis his nearest waie,  
And tis so late, he wil not goe about,  
Then stand close George, and with a luckie arme,  
Bluce out his life, the hinder of thy loue:  
Oh sable night, sit on the eie of heauen,  
That it discerne not this blacke deede of darknesse,  
My guiltie soule, burnt with lusts hateful fire,  
Must wade thꝛough blood, & obtaine my vile desire,  
Be then my couerture, thicke vgly night,  
The light hates me, and I doe hate the light,  
**Sanders** Good night sir.

**Gent. Good night good master Sanders.**

**Sir I shal see you on the Exchange to morrow.**

**Sanders. You shal God, willing Sir: good night.**

**Browne** I heare him coming faire vnto my stand,  
Further and death sit on my fatal hand.

*Enters a Gentleman with a man with a torch before, Browne  
drawes to strike.*

**Gent. Whose there?**

**Sanders. A friend.**

**Gent,**



*faire women.*

Gent. Master Sanders? wel met.

Sand. Good euen gentle sir, so are you.

Gent. Where haue you bene so late sir?

Bro. A plague vpon t, a light and companie,  
Euen as I was about to do the dede. Browne aside.  
See how the diuell stumbles in the niche.

Sand. Sir, here at a friends of mine in Lumberd streete  
At supper: where I promise you,  
Our chere and entertainment was so great,  
That we haue past our hower:  
Believe me sir the euening's stolne away,  
I see tis later then I took it for.

Gent. Sirra turne there at the corner since tis late,  
I wil go home with master Sanders.

Sand. No, I praye you sir trouble not your selfe,  
Sir I beseech you.

Gent. Sir pardon me, sirra go on now where we are,  
My waie lies iust with yours.

Sand. I am beholding to you.

*Exeunt.*

*Browne commeth out alone.*

Bro. Except by miracle, thou art deliuered as was neuer  
My sword vntheathd, and with the piercing stele, (man,  
Ready to breach his bosome, and my purpose  
Thwarted by some malignant enuious starre.  
Nigh I could stabbe thee, I could stabbe my selfe,  
I am so mad that he scaped my hands.  
How like a fatal Comet did that light,  
With this portentious vision fright mine eyes?  
A maske of diuels, walke along with thee,  
And thou the torch bearer vnto them all,  
Thou fatal Brand nere maist thou be extinct,  
Til thou hast set that damned house on fire,  
Where he is lodge that brought thee to this place.  
Sanders this hand both hold that death alone,  
And beares the seale of thy destruction:



## *A warning for*

Some other time shall serue till thou be dead,  
My fortunes yet are nere accomplished.

*Exit.*

*Enter Maister Barnes and Iohn Beane his man.*

Iohn Beane. Must I go first to Greenwich sir?

Barnes. What els?

Beane. I cannot go by water, for it ebbes,  
The wind's at west, and both are strong against vs.

Barnes. My meaning is that you shal go by land,  
And come by water, though the tide be late,  
Faile not to be at home againe this night,  
With answeere of those letters which ye haue.

This letter giue to maister Cofferer,  
If he be not at court when ye come there,  
Leau't at his chamber in any case,  
Pray maister Sanders to be here next weeke,  
About the matter at S. Marie Cray.

Beane. He thinkes sir vnder your correction,  
Next weeke is ill appointed.

Barnes. Why, I pray ye?

Beane. 'Tis Easter weeke, and euery holiday,  
Are sermons at the Spittle.

Bar. What of that?

Beane. Can maister Sanders then be sparde to come?

Bar. Wel said Iohn soles, I hope at afternone  
A paire of Dares may bring him downe to Wolwich,  
Tel him he must come downe in any wise.

Beane. What shal I bring from London?

Bar. A soles head.

Beane. A calves head's better meate,  
'Tis Maundie thursdaie sir, and euery butcher,  
Now keepes open shoppe.

Barnes. Wel get ye gone, and hie ye home, hie now?

*Beane stumles twice.*

What art thou drunke, canst thou not stand?

Beane. Yes sir, I did but stumble, God send me good lucke  
I was not wont to stumble on plaine ground.

Barnes.



## *faire women:*

Barnes. Looke better to your fate then.

*Exit Barnes.*

Bea. Yes forsooth: and yet I do not like it at my setting forth  
They say it doe's betoken some mischance:  
I feare not drowning if the boate be good,  
There is no danger in so short a cut,  
Betwixt Blacke wall and Welwich is the worst,  
And if the watermen wil watch the Anchors,  
Ile watch the catches and the hoves my selfe,  
Well I must go: Christs crosse, God be my speede.

*Enter olde Iohn, and Ioane his maide.*

Who comes there a Gods name: this wooddy way  
Doth harbour many a false knaue they say.

Old Iohn. False knaues, ha? where be they? let me see  
them, mas as old as I am, and haue little skil, Ile hamper  
a false knaue yet in my hedging bill: and theese o' true man.

Ioane. Master it is Iohn Beane.

Iohn. Iesu Iohn Beane, why whither away by land?  
What make you wandring this wooddie way?  
Walke ye to Greenwich, o' walke ye to Cray?

Beane. To Greenwich father Iohn, good morow, good morow  
Good morow Ioane, good morow sweete to thee.

Ioane. A thousand good morowes gentle Iohn Beane, I  
am glad I met ye for now I haue my dreame, I haue been so  
troubled with ye al this night, 'hat I could not rest for sleeping  
and dreaming: me thought you were growne taller and fairer,  
and that ye were in your shirt, and me thought it should  
not be you, and yet it was you; and that ye were al in white,  
and went into a garden, and there was the lumberst lozte of  
flowers that euer I see: and me thought you lay downe upon  
a greene banke, and I pinned gilliflowers in your ruffe, and  
then me thought your nose bled, and as I ran to my chest to  
fetch ye a handkercher, me thoght I stumbled and so waked:  
what doe's it betoken?

Beane. Nay, I cannot tell, but I like neither thy  
dreame



## *A warning for*

dreamed no, my sowne, so, I was troubled with gréne Bedowes, and bils fighting and gozing one another, and one of them me thought ran at me, and I ran away, that I swet in my slepe so, feare.

Old Iohn. Tut, feare nothing Iohn Beane, dreames are but fancies: I dreamed my selfe last night, that I heard the bils of Barking as plaine to our towne of Colwich, as if I had line in the steeple. And that I should be married, and to whom trowest thou: but to the fine gentlwoman of London that was at your masters the last summer?

Beane. Who: mistres Sanders? I shall see her anon, so, I haue an errand to her husband: shal I tell her ye dreamed of her?

Old Iohn. Gods forbod, no sheele laugh at me, and call me old fole. Art thou going to London?

Beane. Yea when I haue bin at the Court at Greenwich: whither go you and your maid Ioane?

Old Iohn. To stop a gap in my sence, and to driue home a Cowe and a Calfe that is in my close, at Shooters hill fote.

Beane. Tis well done, Was I am merry since I met you two, I would your iourney lay along with mine.

Ioane. So would I with all my heart. Iohn, pray ye bestowe a groate or sixe pence of Carnation Ribbin to tie my smocke sleeves, they flappe about my handes too bad, and Ile giue you your mony againe.

Beane. That I will yfayth: will you haue nothing, farther Iohn?

Old Iohn. No God-amerzie sonne Iohn, but I woulde thou hadst my Aqua vita bottle, to fill at the blacke Bull by Battell bridge.

Beane. So would I: wel, here our wayes part, you must that way, and I this.

Old Iohn. Why, Iohn Beane, canst part with thy loue without a kisse?

Beane. Ye say true father Iohn, my busines puts kissing out



10  
*faire women.*

out of my mind, farewel sweete Ioane.

*Kisse Ioane.*

Ioane. Farewel sweet Iohn, I pray ye haue a care of your selfe for my dreame, and blesse ye out of swaggerers compaignie, and walke not too late, my master and I wil pray for ye.

Old Iohn. That we will yfaith Iohn Beane.

Beane God be with ye both: I could e'ne weepe to see how kind they are vnto me, theres a wench, wel, if I liue ile make her amends.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Browne and Drury.*

Bro. May speak your conscience, wast not strange fortune That at the instant when my sword was drawne, And I had thought to haue naild him to a post, A light should come, and so preuent my purpose?

Dru. It was so master Browne: but let it passe, Another time shall serue, neuer giue oze Till you haue quite remou'd him out your way.

Bro. And if I do, let me be held a coward, And no more worthy to obtaine her bed, Than a foule Negro to embrace a Quene.

Dru. You neede not quaille for doubt of your reward, You know already she is wonne to this, What by my perswasion, and your owne suite, That you may haue her company when you will, And she herselfe is thoroughly resolu'd, None but George Browne must be her second husband.

Bro. The hope of that makes me a nights to dreame Of nothing but the death of wretched Sanders, Which I haue bow'd in secret to my soule Shall not be long before that be determin'd. But I doe maruel that our skolt returnes not, Trusty Roger whom we sent to dogge him.

Dru. The knaue's so carefull (maister Browne) of you, As he will rather die than come againe, Before he finde fit place to do the deede.

*C*

*Bro.*



## A warning for

Bro. I am beholding both to you and him,  
And mistris Drewry, Ile requite your loves. *Enter Rog.*

Dru. By the masse so where the whozson comes  
Puffing and blowing, almost out of breath.

Bro. Roger how now, where hast thou bene al day?

Ro. Where haue I bene? where I haue had a iaunt,  
Able to tyze a horse.

Bro. But dost thou bring  
Any good newes where I may strike the stroke,  
Shall make thy selfe and me amends for al?

Rog. That gather by the circumstance: first know,  
That in the morning, til twas nine a clocke,  
I watcht at Sanders doze til he came forth,  
Then folowed him to Cornhil, where he staid  
An hower talking in a marchants warehouse,  
From thence he went directly to the Burse,  
And there he walkt another hower at least,  
And I at s heeles. By this it stroke eleuen,  
I come then he comes to dinner, by the way  
He chanced to meet a gentleman of the court,  
With whom as he was talking, I drew nere,  
And at his parting from him heard him say,  
That in the after noon without al faile,  
He would be with him at the court: this done  
I watcht him at his doze til he had din'd,  
I folowed him to Lion key, saw him take boate,  
And in a paire of Dares, as sone as he  
Landed at Greene witch, where ever since,  
I trac'd him to and fro, with no lesse care  
Than I haue done before, til at the last  
I heard him cal vnto a water man,  
And bade he shoulde be ready, for by fire  
He meant to be at London backe againe.  
With that away came I to give you notice,  
That as he landes at Lion key this evening,  
You might dispatch him and escape vnseene.

Bro.



## *faire women.*

Bro. Hodge, Thou hast won my hart by this dales woꝝk

Dru. Weshew me, but he hath taken mighty paines.

Bro. Roger come hither, there's foꝝ thee to drinke,  
And one day I will do thee greater good.

Ro. I thanke you sir, Hodge is at your commaund.

Browne Now mistris Drury, if you please, go home,  
Tis much vpon the houre of his retarne.

Ro. Nay, I am sure he wil be here straitway.

Dru. Well, I will leaue you, foꝝ tis somewhat late.  
God speed your hand, and so maister Browne good night.

Roger Mistris I pray you spare me foꝝ this once,  
Ile be so bold as stay with Maister Browne.

Dru. Doe: and maister Browne, if you pꝛeuayle,  
Come to my house, ile haue a bed foꝝ you. *Exit.*

Browne You shall haue knowledge if I chance to speede,  
But ile not lodge in London foꝝ a while,  
Untill the rumour shalbe somewhat past:

Come Roger, where ist best to take our standing?

Roger Mary at this coꝝner, in my minde.

Browne I like it well, tis darke and somewhat close,  
By reason that the houses stand so neare:  
Beside, if he should land at Billingsgate,  
Yet are we still betwixt his house and him.

Roger You say well Maister Browne, tis so indede.

Browne Peace then, no moꝝe words foꝝ being spyed.

*Enter Anne Sanders, and Iohn Beane.*

Anne I maruell Iohn thou sawst him not at court,  
He hath bene there euer since one a clocke.

Iohn Indede mistris Sanders I heard not of him.

An. Pray God that captain Browne hath not bin mou'd  
By some ill motion, to indanger him, *—aside.*  
I greatly feare it, he's so long away:

But tell me Iohn, must thou needs home to night?

Iohn Yes of necessitie, foꝝ so my Maister bade.

Anne If it be possible, I pꝛe thee stay  
Untill my husband come.



## A warning for

John I dare not, trust me,  
And I doubt that I haue lost my tide already.

Anne Nay thats not so: come, ile bring thee to the key,  
I hope we shall meet my husband by the way.

Ro. What should be mistris Sanders by her tongue.

Browne It is my loue, Oh how the dusky night  
Is by her coming forth made shene and bright:  
Ile know of her why she's abroad so late.

Ro. Take heed master Browne, see where Sanders comes.

Bro. A plague vpon't, now am I preuented,  
She being by, how can I murther him? *Enter Sanders.*

San. Your fares but eightene pence, here's half a crown

Waterman I thank your worship, God giue ye good night

San. Good night with al my heart.

Anne Oh here he is now:

Husband, ye are welcome home: now Iesu man  
What you will be so late vpon the water?

San. My business, sweet heart, was such I could not chuse

An. Here's M. Barnes man hath staid al day to speak to you.

San. Iohn Beane, welcome, how ist?

How doth thy master, and al our friends at Wolwich?

Iohn All in good health (sir) when I came thence.

San. And what's the news, Iohn Beane?

Iohn My Maister (sir) requests you, that vpon tuesday  
next you would take the paines to come downe to Wolwich,  
about the matter you wot of.

San. Well Iohn, to morrow thou shalt know my minde.

Iohn Nay sir, I must to Wolwich by this tide.

San. What to night: there is no such haste. I hope.

Iohn Yes truely (with your pardon) it must be so.

San. Well then, if Iohn you will be gone, commend me  
to your Maister, and tell him, without faile on tuesday some  
time of the day Ile see him, and so good night.

Anne Commend me likewise to thy master Iohn.

Iohn I thanke you mistris Sanders for my chere,  
Your commendations shalbe deliuered. *Exit.*

Bro. I would thy selfe and he were both sent hence *C*



## *faire women.*

To doe a message to the diuel of hell,  
For interrupting this my solemne vow,  
But questionlesse some powre or else praiere  
Of some religious friend or other guardes him,  
Or else my sword is vnforsunate, tis so,  
This mettall was not made to kil a man.

Rog: Good master Browne fret not your selfe so much,  
Haue you forgot what the old prouerbe is,  
The third time payes for all: Did you not heare,  
That he sent word to master Barnes of Woolwich,  
He would be with him as on tuesday next:  
Twist that and then lie you in waite for him  
And though he haue escapt your hand so oft,  
You may be sure to pay him home at last.

Bro. Furie had almost made me pass my selfe,  
Tis wel remembred: Hodge, it so shalbe,  
Some place wil I picke out as he does passe,  
Either in going or in comming backe,  
To end his hateful life: come lets away,  
And at thy mistres house weele spend this night,  
In consultation how it may be wrought. *Exeunt.*

Trag. Twice (as you see) this sad distressed man,  
The onely marke whereat soule Murther shot:  
Just in the losse of enuious eager death,  
By accidents strange and miraculous,  
Escapt the arrow aymed at his hart.  
Suppose him on the water now for Woolwich,  
For secrete businesse with his bosome friend,  
From thence, as fatal destinie conducts him,  
To Mary-Cray by some occasion cald:  
Which by false Druries meanes made knowne to Browne,  
Lust, Gaine, and Murther spurd this vilaine on,  
Still to pursue this unsuspecting soule,  
And now the dreadful houre of death is come,  
The dismal morning when the destinies,  
Do there the labouring vitall thred of life,  
When as the lambe left in the woods of Kent, *Unto*



## *A warning for*

Unto this ravenous wolfe becoms a pray,  
How of his death the generall intent,  
Thus Tragedie doth to your eyes present.

The Musicke playing, enters Lust bringing forth Browne and Roger, at one ende mistres Sanders and mistres Drurie at the other, they offering cheerefully to meete and embrace, suddenly riseth vp a great tree betweene them, whereat amazedly they step backe, wherupon Lust bringeth an axe to mistres Sanders, shewing signes, that she should cut it downe, which she refuseth, albeit mistres Drurie offers to helpe her. Then Lust brings the Axe to Browne, and shews the like signes to him as before, wherupon he roughlie and suddenly hewes downe the tree, and then they run together and embrace. With that enters Chastitie, with her haire disheueled, and taking mistres Sanders by the hand, brings her to her husbands picture hanging on the wall, and pointing to the tree, seemes to tell her, that that is the tree so rashly cut downe. Whereupon she wringing her hands, in teares departes, Browne, Drurie, Roger and Lust, whispering, he drawes his sword, and Roger followes him. Tragedie expressing that now he goes to act the deed.

Lust leades together this adulterous route,  
But as you see are hindred thus, before  
They could attaine vnto their fowle desires.  
The tree springs vp, whose bodie whilest it stands,  
Stil keepes them backe when they would faine embrace,  
Whereat they start, for furie euermore  
Is full repleat with feare and enuie.  
Lust giueth her the Axe to cut it downe,  
To rid her husband whom it represents,  
In which this damned woman would assist hir.  
But though by them seduced to consent,  
And had a finger in her husbands bloud:  
Could not be wonne to murder him her selfe.  
Lust brings the Axe to Browne, who suddenly,

Doth



## *faire women.*

Doth giue the fatal stroke vnto the tree,  
Which being done, they then embrace together:  
The act perfoymde, now Chastitie appeares,  
And pointing to the picture, and the tree,  
Vnto her guiltie conscience, shewes her husband,  
Euen so cut off by that vile murtherer Browne,  
She wryngs her hands repenting of the fact,  
Toucht with remorse, but now it is too late.  
Whats here exprest, in act is to be done,  
The sword is drawne, the murtherer forth doth run,  
Lust leades him on, he followes him with speede,  
The onely actor in this damned deed,

*Enter Browne reading a Letter, and Roger.*

Bro. Did I but waue, or were vnsolud,  
These lines were able to encourage me,  
Sweete Nan I kist thy name, and for thy sake,  
What coward would not venture more then this:  
Kill him? Pea, were his life ten thousand liues,  
Not any sparke or cynder of the same  
Should be vunqueacht in blood at thy request.  
Roger thou art assurde heele come this way.

Rog. Assurde sir: why I heard him say so:  
For hauing lodg'd at Wolwich, al last night,  
As soone as day appeared, I got me vp,  
And watcht aloue at maister Barneses doore,  
Til he and maister Sanders both came forth.

Bro. Til both came forth: what are they both together?

Rog. No sir, maister Barnes himselfe went backe againe,  
And left his man to beare him companie,  
Iohn Beane: you know him, he that was at London  
When we laid wait for him at Billingsgate.

Bro. Is it that stripling? wel, no more adoe,  
Roger go thou vnto the hedge corner  
At the hill fote: there stand and cast thine eye  
Toward Greenwich parke, see if black heath be cleare,  
Least by some passenger we be descride.

Rog.



## *A warning for*

Roger. Shall ye not neede my help sir: they are twaine,  
Brown. No, were they ten, mine arme is strong enough,  
Euen of it selfe to buckle with them al,  
And ere George Sanders shall escape me now,  
I wil not recke what massacre I make,

Rog. Well sir, I le go and watch, and when I see  
Any body comming, I le whistle to you.

Bro. Do so I pre thee: I would be alone,  
My thoughts are studious and vnsociable,  
And so is my body, till this deede be done.  
But let me see, what time a day ist now?  
It cannot be imagin'd by the sunne,  
For why I haue not scene it shine to daie,  
Yet as I gather by my comming forth,  
Being then sure, it cannot now be lesse  
Than halfe an hower past seuen: the aire is glomie,  
No matter, darknesse best fittes my intent,  
Here wil I walke, and after shrowd my selfe  
Within those bushes when I see them come.

*Enter maister Sanders and Iohn Beane.*

San. Iohn Beane, this is the right way, is it not?

Ioh. I sir, would to God we were past this wood.

San. Why art thou affraide? See yonder's companie.

Bro. They haue espied me, I wil slip aside.

Ioh. O God sir, I am heavy at the heart.

God maister Sanders lets returne backe to Wolwich,  
He thinkes I go this waie against my wil.

San. Why so I pre thee?

Ioh. Truly I do not like  
The man we saw, he slipt so sone away,  
behind the bushes.

San. Trust me Iohn, no, I,  
But yet God willing we wil keepe our way.

Ioh. I pray you sir let vs go backe againe,  
I do remember now a dreame was told me,  
That might I haue the world I cannot chuse

But



## *faire women.*

But tremble every ioynt to thinke vpon't,  
Sand. But we are men, lets not be so faint hearted,  
As to affright our selues with visions,  
Come on a Gods name.

*Browne steps out and strikes vp Johns heeles*

John. Oh we are undone.

Sand. What sake you sir?

Bro. Thy blood which I wil haue.

Sand. Oh take my mony, and p̄serue my life.

Bro. It is is not millions that can ransome thee,  
For this base dudge, for both of you must die.

San. Heare me a word, you are a gentleman,  
Soile not your hands with blood of innocents.

Bro. Thou speakest in vaine.

San. Then God forgive my sinne,  
Haue mercie on me, and vpon thee too,  
The bloudie authoꝝ of my timelesse death.

Bro. Now wil I dip my hankercher in his blood,  
And send it as a token to my loue,  
Loke how many wounds my hand hath giuen him,  
So many holes Ile make within this cloth.

San. Jesu receiue my soule into thy handes.

Bro. What sound was that: it was not he that spake,  
The breath is vanisht, from his nostrils,  
Was it the other? no, his wounds are such,  
As he is likewise past the vse of speech.  
Who was it then that thundzed in mine eares,  
The name of Jesu? Doubtlesse twas my conscience,  
And I am damnd for this unhallowed deede.  
O sinne how hast thou blinded me til now,  
Promising me securitie and rest,  
But giuest me dreadful agonie of soules:  
What shal I do: or whither shal I flie?  
The very bushes wil discouer me.  
See how their wounds do gape vnto the skies,

*F*

*Calling*



## *A warning for*

**Calling for vengeance.**

*Enter Roger.*

**Rog.** How now master Browne?  
What haue you done? why so, lets away,  
For I haue spide come riding oze the heath,  
Some halfe a dozen in a company.

**Bro.** Away to London thou, Ile to the Court,  
And shew my selfe, and after follow thee,  
Giue this to mistris Sanders, bid her reade .  
Upon this bloudy handkercher the thing,  
As I did promise and haue now performed,  
But were it Roger to be done againe,  
I would not do it for a kingdomes gaine.

**Rog.** Tut faint not now, come let vs haste away.

**Bro.** Oh I must feare, what euer thou wilt say.  
My shadow, if nought else will me betray. *Exeant.*

*Beane left wounded, and for dead, stirres and creepes.*

**Beane** Dare I looke vp, for feare he yet be nere  
That thus hath martirde me: yea, the coast is clere:  
For all these deadly wounds, yet lines my heart,  
Alacke, how loath poze life is from my limbes to part:  
I cannot goe, ah no, I cannot stand,  
O God that some good bodie were nere hand:  
To helpe me home to Wolwich ere I die,  
To creep that way ward whilst I liue ile trie:  
O could I crawle but from this cursed wood,  
Before I drowne my selfe in my owne blood.

*Enter old Iohn and Ioane.*

**Old Iohn.** Now by my fathers saddle Ioane I think we  
are bewitched, my beasts were neuer wont to breake out so  
often: sure as death the harlotries are bespoken: but it is that  
heifer with the white backe that leades them al a gadding, a  
good lucke take her.

**Ioane.** It is not dismall daie maister: did ye looke  
in



## *faire women.*

in the Ammiricke? if it be not, then tis either long of the  
brended colw, that was nere wel in her wits since the butcher  
bought her calf, or long of my dreame, or of my nose bleeding  
this morning, for as I was washing my hands my nose bled  
thre drops, then I thought of Iohn Beane, God be with him,  
for I dreame he was married, and that our white calfe was  
kild for his wedding dinner, God bestee them both, for I loue  
them both well.

*Beane creepes.*

Old Iohn. Marie amen, for I tel thee my heart is hea-  
uie, God send me good luck: my eies dazel, and I could weepe.  
Lord blesse vs, what sight is this? looke Ione, and crosse thy  
selfe.

Ione. O master, master, looke in my purse for a peece of gin-  
ger, I shall swab, I shall swound, cut my lace, and couer my  
face, I die else, it is Iohn Beane, kild, cutte, slaine: maister,  
and ye be a man, help.

Old Iohn. Iohn Beane? How Gods forbod, alocke alock  
good Iohn, how came ye in this pitteous plight? speake good  
Iohn, nay groane not, speake who has done this deepe? thou  
hast not fordone thy selfe, hast thou?

Beane. Ah no, no.

Ioane. Ah, no, no, he neede not haue done that, for God  
knowes I loued him as deere as he loued me, speake Iohn,  
who did it?

Beane. One in a white dablet and blew breeches, he has  
slaine another too, not farre off: O stoppe my woundes if ye  
can.

Old Iohn. Ioane, take my napkin and thy apzon, and  
bind vp his woundes, and colws go where they wil til we haue  
carried him home.

Ioane. Who worth him Iohn that did this dismal deepe,  
Heart-breake be his mirth, and hanging be his meede.



## *A warning for*

Old Iohn. Ah weladay, see where another lies, a han-  
some comely ancient gentleman : what an age live we in?  
when men haue no mercy of men moze than of dogges, blou-  
dier than beasts: This is the deed of some swaggering, swea-  
ring, drunken desperate Dicke. Call we them Cabbalers:  
masse they be Canniballes, that haue the stabbe readyer in  
their handes than a penny in their purse: Whomes death be  
their share. Ione, hast thou done? Come lend me a hand, to  
lay this good man in some bush, from birds and from beasts,  
till we carry home Iohn Beane to his Maisters, and rayse all  
Wolwich to fetch home this man, and make search: list there  
Ione : so, so.

*They carry out Sanders.*

Beane. Lord comfort my soule, my body is past cure.

Old Iohn. Now lets take vp Iohn Beane:

Softly Ione, softly.

Ione. Ah Iohn, little thought I to haue carried thee thus  
within this weeke, but my hope is aslope, and my ioy is laide  
to sleepe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a yeoman of the Buttery, Browne, and maister James.*

Yeo. Welcome maister Browne, what ist you le drinke,  
ale or beere?

Bro. Mary ale and if you please,  
You see sir I am bold to trouble you.

Yeo. No trouble sir at all, the Quene our Mistris  
Allowes this bounty to all commers, much moze  
To Gentlemen of your sort : some ale there ho.

*Enter one with a lacke and a court dish.*

Yeo. Here maister Browne, thus much to your health.

Bro. I thanke you sir : nay, pzethee fill my cup.  
Here maister James, to you with all my heart.

Now say you now sir? was I not adze?

Yeo. Belene me yes, wil't please ye mend your draught?

Bro. No moze sir in this heate, it is not good.

M. James It seemes, maister Browne, that you haue  
gone



13  
*faire women.*

gone apace.

Came you from London that you made such halfe?  
But soft, what haue I spide? your hose is bloudy.

Bro. How, bloudy? where? Good sooth tis so indeede.

Yeo. It seemes it is but newly done.

Browne No more it is :

And now I do remember how it came,

My selfe, and some two or three Gentlemen more  
Crossing the field this morning here from Eltham  
Chaunc'd by the way to start a brace of hares,  
One of the which we kild, the other scapt,  
And pulling forth the garbage, this befell:  
But tis no matter, it wil out againe.

Yeo. Yes there's no doubt, with a little sope and water.

M. Iames. I would I had bene with you at that spozt,

Bro. I would you had sir, twas good spozt indeede.

Bro. Now afoze God, this bloud was ill espied:

But my excuse I hope wil serue the turne. ——— *Aside.*

Gentlemen, I must to London this forenone,  
About some earnest busines both concerne me,  
Thankes so; my ale, and your good companies.

Both Adieu good maister Browne.

Browne Farewell vnto you both.

*Exit.*

M. Iames An honest proper Gentleman as liues:

God be with you sir, Ile vp into the presence.

Yeo. Ye are welcome M. Iames, God be with ye sir. *Exeunt*

*Enter Anne Sanders, Anne Drenry, and Roger: Drenry  
hauing the bloudy handkercher in her hand.*

Anne Oh shew not me that ensigne of despair,  
But hide it, burne it, bury it in the earth,  
It is a kalender of bloody letters,  
Containing his, and yours, and all our thames.

Dru. Good mistris Sanders, be not so outragious.

Anne What tell you me? is not my husband slaine?

*Are*



## *Warning for*

Are not we guiltie of his cruel death:  
Oh my deare husband I wil follow thee:  
Giue me a knife, a sword, or any thing,  
Wherewith I may do iustice on my selfe.  
Iustice for murder, iustice for the death  
Of my deare husband, my betrothed loue.

Rog. These exclamations will bewray vs all,  
Good mistres Sanders peace.

Dru. I pray you peace,  
Your seruants, or some neighbours else wil heare.

Anne. Shall I feare more my seruants, or the world,  
Then God himselfe? He heard our trecherie,  
And saw our conaplot and conspiracie:  
Our hainous sinne cries in the eares of him,  
Loudly then we can crie vpon the earth:  
A womans sinne, a wifes inconstancie,  
Oh God that I was borne to be so vile,  
So monstrous and prodigious for my lust.  
Fie on this pride of mine, this pamperd flesh,  
I will reuenge me on these tising eies,  
And teare them out for being amorous.  
Oh Sanders my deare husband, giue me leaue,  
Why doe you hold me? are not my deeds vglie?  
Let then my faults be written in my face.

Dru. Oh do not offer violence to your selfe.

Anne. Haue I not done so alreadie? Is not  
The better part of me by me misdone?  
My husband, is he not slaine? is he not dead?  
But since you labour to pzeuent my grieve,  
Ile hide me in some closet of my house,  
And there weepe out mine eies, or pine to death,  
That haue vntimely stopt my husbands breath.

*Exit.*

Dru. What shall we doe Roger? go thou and watch  
For master Brownes arrinal from the Court,  
And bring him hither, happily his pzeence  
Will be a meanes to dzyne her from this passion.

*In*



## faire women.

In the meane space I will go after her,  
And do the best I can to comfort her.

Rog. I will: take heede the do not kill her selfe.

Uru. For Gods sake haake thee, and be circumspect.

*Enter Sanders yong sonne, and another boy  
comming from schoole.*

Yong San. Come Harrie shall we play a game?

Har. At what?

Yong San. Why at crosse and pile.

Har. You haue no Counters.

Yong San. Yes but I haue as many as you.

Har. Ile drop with you, and he that has most, take all.

Yong San. No sir, if youle play a game, tis not yet twelue  
by halfe an houre, Ile set you like a gamster.

Har. Go to, where shall we play?

Yong San. Here at our doze.

Har. What and if your father find vs?

Yong San. No hees at Woolwich, and will not come  
home to night.

Har. Set me then, and here's a good.

*Enter Brown*

Bro. Is she so out of patience as thou saist? and Roger.

Rog. Wonderfull sir, I haue not seene the like.

Bro. What does she meane by that? nay what meane I  
To aske the question? has she not good cause?  
Oh yes, and we haue euery one of vs iust cause  
To hate and be at variance with our selues.  
But come, I long to see her. — he spies the boy.

Rog. How now captaine?

Why stop you on the sudden? why go you not?  
What makes you looke so gaskly towards the house?

Bro. Is not the foremost of those prettie boyes  
One of George Sanders sonnes?

Rog. Yes, tis is yongest.

Bro. Both yong it and eld it are now made fatherlesse  
By my unluckie hand. I pzethee go,

And



## *A warning for*

And take him from the doore, the sight of him  
Strikes such a terror to my guiltie conscience,  
As I haue not the heart to looke that way,  
For stirre my sote vntill he be remou'd.  
He thinks in him I see his fathers wounds  
Fresh bleeding in my sight, may he doth stand  
Like to an Angel with a fire sword,  
To barre mine entrance at that satall doore,  
I prethee steppe, and take him quickly thence.

Rog. Away my prettie boy, your master comes,  
And youle be taken playing in the street,  
What at vnlawful games? away be gone,  
Tis dinner time, yong Sanders youle be ierkt,  
Your mother looks for you before this time.

Yong San. Caffer if you'le not tel my master of me,  
He giue you this new like poynt.

Rog. Go to I will not.

Har. For of me, and there's two counters, I haue  
wonne no more.

Rog. Of neither of you, so you wil be gone.

Yong San. God be with you, ye shal see me no more.

Har. For me, I meane playing at this doore.

Rog. Now captaine if you please you may come forwarde  
But see where mistris Sanders and my mistris  
Are coming forth to meete you on the way?

Dru. See where master Browne is, in him take comfort,  
And learne to temper your excessive grieve.

Anne. Ah, bid me feed on poyson and be fat,  
Or looke vpon the Basiliske and liue,  
Or surfet daily and be still in health,  
Or leape into the sea and not be drownde:  
All these are euen as possible as this,  
That I should be recomforted by him,  
That is the Authour of my whole lament.

Bro. Why mistris Anne I loue you dearly,  
And but for your incomparable beautie



## *faire women.*

My soule had neuer dreant of Sanders death:  
Then giue me that which now I do deserue,  
Your selfe, your loue, and I will be to you  
A husband so deuote, as none more iust,  
Or more affectionate shal treade this earth.

Anne. If you can craue it of me with a tongue  
That hath not bin prophande with wicked bowes,  
Or thinke it in a heart did neuer harbour  
Pretence of murther, or put forth a hand  
As not contaminate with shedding bloud,  
Then will I willingly graunt your request:  
But oh your hand, your heart, your tongue, and eye,  
Are all presenters of my misery.

Bro. Talke not of that, but let vs study now  
How we may salue it, and conceale the fact.

Anne Mountains will not suffice to couer it,  
Cymerian darkenesse cannot shadow it,  
Nor any pollicie wit hath in store,  
Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last  
If nothing else, yet will the very stones  
That lie within the streets cry out for vengeance,  
And point at vs to be the murderers.

*Exeunt*

*Enter three Lords, Maister Iames, and two Messengers  
with their boxes, one Lord reading a letter.*

1 Lo. For God (my Lords) a very bloudy act. *This hath*

2 Lo. Pea, and committed in eye of Court *the letter.*

Audationally, as who should say, he durst  
Attempt a murther in despite of Law.

3 Lo. May ye lets see your letter, (good my Lord.)

*He takes and reads the letter.*

Tenne wounds at least, and deadly eu'ry wound,  
And yet he liues, and tels markes of the man,  
Cu'n at the edge of Shooters hill, so neare?

1 Lo. We shal not need to send these Messengers,  
For heu and cry may take the murderers.

*G*

*Enter.*



## A warning for

*Enter a fourth Lord with a Water man and a Page.*

4 Lord. Nay sirra you shall tel this tale againe  
Before the Lords, come on: my Lords what newes?

1 Lord. Bad newes my Lord, A cruel murders done,  
Neere Shooters hill, and here's a letter come  
From Wolwich, from a gentleman of worth,  
Noting the manner, and the marks of him,  
(By likelihoode) that did that impious deede.

4 Lord. 'Tis noys'd at London, that a marchants slaine,  
One maister Sanders dwelling neere Tames streete,  
And that George Browne, a man whom we al know,  
Is vehemently suspected for the fact,  
And fled vpon't, and this same water man,  
That brought me downe saies he row'd him vp,  
And that his hose were bloudy, which he hid  
Stil with his hat sitting bare head in the boate,  
And sigh'd and star'd as one that was afraide,  
How saist thou sirra, was't not so he did?

Wat. Yes, and 't please your Lordship so it was.

Lord. What did he weare?

Water. A doublet of white satten,  
And a large paire of breeches of blew silke.

2 Lord. Was he so luted when you drank with him,  
Here in the butterie?

M. Ia. Yea my Lord he was.

3 Lord. And his hose bloudy?

M. Ia. Just as he affirmes.

3 Lord. Conferre the markes the wounded fellow telles  
with these reports.

1 Lord. The man that did the deede, reades.  
Was faire and fat, his doublet of white silke,  
His hose of blew, I am sozie for George Browne. lookes off.  
Twas he my Lords.

4 Lord. The more accursed man,  
Get warrants drauone: and messengers attend,  
Cal al your fellows, ride out euerie waie,

*Poste*



## *faire women.*

Poste to the Ports, giue charge that no man passe  
Without our warrant, one take boate to London,  
Command the Sherriffes make wise and speedie search,  
Descipher him by al the marks you can,  
Let blood be paid with blood in any man.

I Lord We were too blame els: come my lords, lets in,  
To signe our warrants, and to lend them out. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Drury, and Roger with a bagge.*

Dru. Why Roger, canst thou get but twentie pound,  
Of al the plate that thou hadst from vs both,  
Thine owne's worth twentie, what hadst thou of here?

Rog. Two bolles and spoones I know not what my selfe,  
Tis in a note, and I could get no more  
But twentie pound.

Dru. Alas twil do no good.  
And he must thence, if he be tane he dies,  
On his escape thou knowest how safetie lies.

Rog. Thats true, alas what wil ye haue me do?

Dru. Runne to Nan Sanders bid her make some shift,  
Trie al her friends to helpe at this dead list:  
For al the mony that she can deuise,  
And send by thee with al the haste she may,  
Tel her we die if Browne make any stay.

Rog. I wil I wil.

*Exit Roger.*

Dru. Thou wilt, thou wilt, alas  
That ere this dismal deede was brought to passe,  
But now tis done, we must prevent the worst. *Enter Browne.*  
And here comes he that makes vs al accurst:  
How now George Browne?

Bro. Nan Drurie now vndone.

Vndone by that, that thou hast made me doe.

Dru. I make ye do it: your owne loue made ye do it.

Bro. Well, done it is, what shal we now say to't,  
Search is made for me, be I tane, I die,  
And there are other as farre in as I.  
I must beyond sea, money haue I none,  
Nor dare I looke for any of mine owne.



## *A warning for*

**Dru.** Here's twenty pound I borrowed of my plate,  
And to your Mistris I haue sent for more *Enter Roger.*  
**By** Hodge my man: now Roger, hast thou sped?

**Rog.** Yea, of six pound, tis all that she can make,  
She prayes ye tak't in worth, and to be gone:  
She heares the Shiriffes wil be there anone,  
And at our house: a thousand commendations  
She sends you, praying you to shift for your selfe.

**Bro.** Euen as I may Roger, farewel to thee,  
If I were richer, then thou shouldst go with me,  
But pouertie partes company, farewel Nan,  
Commend me to my mistris if you can.

**Dru.** Step thither your selfe, I dare not come there,  
Ile keepe my house close, for I am in feare.

**Ro.** God be with you, good Captaine.

**Browne** Farewel, gentle Hodge,  
Oh master Sanders, wert thou now alive,  
Al Londons wealth thy death should not contriue:  
This heate of loue and hasty climbing breeds,  
God blesse all honest tall men from such deedes.

*Enter Tragedie afore the shew.*

**Tragedy.** Wrenailing Sinne hauing by three degrees,  
Made his ascension to forbidden deedes,  
As first, alluring their vnwarie mindes  
To like what she proposde, then practising  
To draw them to consent: and last of all  
Ministring fit meanes and oportunitie  
To execute what she approued good:  
Now she vnuailes their sight, and lets them see  
The horror of their foule immanitie  
And wrath that al this while hath bin obscure,  
Steps forth before them in a thousand shapes  
Of gasty thoughts, and loathing discontents:  
So that the rest was promise, now appears

**Unrest**



## *faire women:*

Unrest, and deepe affliction of the soule,  
Delight pꝛoucs danger, confidence dispaire,  
As by this folowing shew shall moze appcare.

Enter *Iustice* and *Mercy*: when hauing taken their seates, *Iustice* falls into a slumber, then enters wronged *Chastitie*, and in dumbe action vttring her grieft to *Mercie*, is put away, whereon she wakens *Iustice*, who listning her attentiuely, starts vp, commanding his Officers to attend her. Then go they with her, and fetch forth master *Sanders* body, mistris *Sanders*, *Drury*, and *Roger*, led after it, and being shewne it, they al seeme very sorrowful, and so are led away. But *Chastitie* shewes that the chiefe offender is not as yet taken, whereon *Iustice* dispatcheth his seruant *Diligence* to make further enquire after the murderer, and so they depart the stage with *Chastitie*.

Tra. Thus lawles actions and prodigious crimes  
Drinke not the bloud alone of them they hate,  
But euen their ministers, when they haue done  
A! that they can, must help to fil the Screane,  
And yeld their guilty neckes vnto the blocke.  
Foz which intent, the wronged Chastity  
Prostrate befoze the sacred throne of Justice,  
With wringing hands, and cheekes besprent with teares,  
Pursues the murderers. And being heard  
Of *Mercy* first, that in relenting wordes,  
Would faine perswade her to humilitie,  
She turnes from her: and with her tender hand  
Wakes slumbering Justice, when her tale being told,  
And the dead body brought foz instance fozth,  
Strait inquisition and search is made,  
And the offenders as you did behold,  
Discover d where they thought to be vnseene.  
Then triall now remaines as shall conclude,  
Measure foz measure, and lost bloud foz bloud.



## *A warning for*

*Enter George Browne, and one Browne a  
Butcher in Rochester.*

But. 'Tis marnell cosen Browne we see you here,  
And thus alone without all companie:  
You were not wont to visit Rochester,  
But you had still some friend or other with you.

Bro. Such is the occasion cosin at this time,  
And for the love I beare you, I am bold  
To make my selfe your guest, rather then lie  
In any publike Inne: because indeed  
The house where I was wont to host, is full  
Of certaine Frenchmen and their followers.

But. Nay cosin Browne, I would not haue you thinke  
I doe object thus much as one vnwilling  
To shew you any kindnesse that I can,  
My house though homely, yet such as it is,  
And I my selfe will be at your commaund.  
I loue you for your name sake, and trust me sir,  
Am proud that such a one as you will call me cosin,  
Though I am sure we are no kin at all.

Bro. Yes cosin we are kin: no? do I scozne  
At any time to acknowledge as much,  
Toward men of baser calling then your selfe.

But. It may be so sir: but to tell you truth,  
It seemed somewhat strange to me at first,  
And I was halfe afraid some ill had hapned,  
That made you carefull whom you trusted to.

Bro. Faith cosin none but this: I owe some mony,  
And one I am indebted to of late,  
Hath brought his action to an outlawrie.  
And seeks to do me all extremitie,  
But that I am not yet prouided for him,  
And that he shall not haue his will of me,  
I do absent me, till a friend of mine  
Do see what order he may take with him.

But.



*faire women:*

But. How now whose this?

*Enter maister Maior, master James, with a  
pursuant, and others.*

Maior. Where are you neighbour Browne?

But. Master Maioz, y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, what's the news sir  
You come so guarded, is there aught amisse?

Bro. Heauen will haue iustice shewne, it is euen so.

James. I can assure you tis the man we seeke,  
Then doe your office master Maioz.

Maior. George Browne.

I doe arrest you in her highnesse name,  
As one suspected to haue murdred  
George Sanders Citizen of London.

Bro. Of murther sir: there liues not in this land  
Can touch me with the thought of murther.

Maior. May God it be so: but you must along  
Before their hono<sup>rs</sup> there to answer it.  
Here's a commission that conunands it so.

Bro. Well sir I do obey, and do not doubt  
But I shall proue me innocent therein.

James. Come master Maioz, it is the Councels pleasure,  
You must assist vs till we come to Wolwich,  
Where we haue order to conferre at large  
With master Barnes concerning this mishap.

Maior. Withall my heart, farewell good neighboz Brown.

But. God keepe you maister Maioz, and all the rest.  
And master Browne beleue me I am sozie  
It was your fortune to haue no moze grace.

Bro. Cousin grieue not for me, my case is cleare,  
Suspected men may be, but need not feare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iohn Beane brought in a Chaire, and master  
Barnes, and master James.*

Barnes. Sir how much I esteeme this Gentleman,  
And in how hie respect I held his loue,



## *A warning for*

My griefes can hardly vtter.

M. Iames. It shall not neede, your loue after his death  
expresles it.

Barnes. I would to god it could: and I am verie glad,  
My Lords of her most honourable Councel  
Haue made choise of your selfe, so graue a gentleman  
To see the maner of this cruell murther.

M. Iames. Sir, the most vniworthie I of many men,  
But that in the hie bountie of your kindnes, so you terme me.  
But trust me maister Barnes, amongst the rest  
That was reported to them of the murther,  
They hardly were inducet to beleue,  
That this poore soule hauing so many wounds, *Laying his*  
And all so mortall as they were reported, *hand vpon*  
With so much losse of blood, should possibly yet liue: *him.*  
Why it is past beleefe.

Barnes. Sir it is so, your worthie selfe can witnes.  
As strange to vs that looke vpon the wretch,  
As the report thereof vnto their wisdoms. *(rous,*

M. Iam: More fearfull wounds, no hurt more dange  
vpon my faith I haue not sene.

Beane. Hey hoe, a little drinke, oh my head.

Barnes. Good Iohn how dost thou?

Beane. Whose that? father Iohn?

Barnes. Nay Iohn, thy maister.

Beane. O Lord my belly.

M. Iam. He spends more bzeath, that issues through his  
then through his lippes. *(wounds,*

Beane. I am drie.

Barnes. Iohn dost thou know me?

M. Iam. See where thy master is: look dost thou know him?

Barnes. Sir he neuer had his perfit memozie, since the first

M. Iam. Surely he cannot last. *(houe*

Barnes. And yet sir to our seeming I assure you,  
He sat not vp so strongly, as you see him  
Since he was brought into this house as now.

M. Iames.



16  
*faire women.*

**M. James.** *Tis verie strange.*

*Enter the Maior of Rochester, with Browne,  
and Officers.*

**Barnes.** *As I take it, maister Maioꝝ of Rochester?*

**Maior.** *The same good master Barnes.*

**Barnes.** *What happie fortune sent you here to Woolwich:  
That yet your cōpany may giue vs comfort, in this sad time?*

**Maior.** *Belæue me sad in deed, and verie sad,  
Sir the Councels warrant lately came to me  
About the search, foꝝ one Captaine George Browne,  
As it should seeme suspected foꝝ this murthꝛ,  
Whom in my search I hapt to apprehend.  
And hearing that the bodies of the murdꝛed  
Remained here, I thought it requisite,  
To make this in my way to the Court,  
Now going thither with the prisoner.*

**Barnes.** *Belæue me sir ye haue done right good seruice,  
And shew'ne your selfe a painfull Gentleman,  
And shall no doubt deserue well of the State.*

**M. James.** *No doubt you shall, and I durst assure you, so  
The Councel wil accept well of the same.*

**Barnes.** *Good maister Maioꝝ, this wretched man of mine,  
Is not yet dead: looke you where he sits,  
But past all sense, and labouring to his end.*

**Maior.** *Alas poꝛe wretch.*

**Barnes.** *Is this that Browne that is suspected to haue done  
The murthꝛ? a goodly man belæue me.  
Too faire a creature foꝝ so foule an act.*

**Browne.** *My name is Browne sir.*

**M. James.** *I know you well, your fortunes haue béene  
Faire, as any Gentlemans of your repute:  
But Browne, should you be guiltie of this fact,  
As this your flight hath giuen shꝛwde suspition,  
Oh Browne, your hands haue done the bloodiest déed  
That euer was committed.*

*B*

**Browne.**



## *A warning for*

Bro. He doth not lide dare charge me with it.

M. Ia. Pray God there be not.

Maior. Sergeants bzing him neare: see if this poore soule know him.

Barnes It cannot be: these two dayes space  
He knew no creature.

Bro. Swounds, lides the villaine yet? ——— aside.  
O how his very sight affrights my soule!  
His very eies will speake had he no tongue,  
And will accuse me.

Barnes See how his wounds break out afresh in bléeding.

M. Ia. He stirs himselfe.

Maior. He openeth his eyes.

Barnes. See how he looks vpon him.

Bro. I gaue him fifténe wounds, ——— aside  
Which now be fifténe mouthes that doe accuse me,  
In eu'ry wound there is a bloudy tongue,  
Which will all speake, although he hold his peace,  
By a whole Iury I shalbe accusde.

Barnes. Iohn, dost thou heare? knowest thou this man?

Beane. Yea, this is he that murdred me and He sinckes

M. Ia. O hold him vp. (D. Sanders. downe.

Maior. Iohn comfort thy selfe.

M. Ia. Bow him, giue him ayre.

Barnes. No he is dead.

Bro. He thinks he is so fearefull in my sight,  
That were he now but where I saw him last,  
For all this world I would not looke on him.

Barnes. The wondrous worke of God, that the poore  
creature, not speaking for two dayes, yet now should speake  
to accuse this man, and presently yeld vp his soule.

M. Ia. Tis very strange, and the report thereof  
Can seeme no lesse vnto the Lords.

Maior. Sergeants, away, prepare you for the court,  
And I will follow you immediatly.

Barnes. Sure the reuealing of this murther's strange.

M.



## *faire women.*

**M. Ia.** It is so sir: but in the case of blood,  
Gods iustice hath bin stil myzaculous.

**Maior.** I haue heard it told, that digging vp a grane,  
Wherein a man had twenty yeeres bin buryed,  
By finding of a naile knockt in the scalpe,  
By due enquirie who was buried there,  
The murther yet at length did come to light.

**Barnes** I haue heard it told, that once a traveller,  
Being in the hands of him that murdred him,  
Told him, the searne that then grew in the place,  
If nothing else, yet that would sure reueale him:  
And seuen yeares after, being safe in London,  
There came a sprigge of searne bozne by the wind,  
Into the roome where as the murtherer was,  
At sight whereof he sodainely start vp,  
And then reucald the murder.

**M Ia.** He tell you (sir) one more to quite your tale,  
A woman that had made away her husband,  
And sitting to behold a tragedy  
At Linne a towne in Norfolke,  
Acted by Players travelling that way,  
Wherein a woman that had murtherd hers  
Was euer haunted with her husbands ghost:  
The passion wzitten by a feeling pen,  
And acted by a good Tragedian,  
She was so moued with the sight thereof,  
As she cryed out, the Play was made by her,  
And openly confest her husbands murder.

**Barnes.** How euer theirs, Gods name be praisde for this:  
**You M. Maior** I see must to the Court:  
I pray you do my duty to the Lords.

**Maior.** That will I sir.

**M. Ia.** Come, I le go along with you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords at the Court, and Messengers.*

**1 Lord.** Where was Browne apprehended, Messenger?

**2 Mess.** At Rochester (my Lord) in a Butchers house



## *A warning for*

of his owne name, from thence brought bp to Woolwich.

4 Lord. And there the fellow he left for dead with all those wounds affirm'd that it was he.

1 Mess. He did my Lord, and with a constant voice, praised God for giue Browne, and receiue his soule, and so departed.

1 Lord. 'Tis a wondrous thing,  
But that the power of heauen sustained him,  
A man with nine or ten such mortal wounds,  
Not taking soe should liue so many daies,  
And then at sight of Browne recouer strength,  
And speake so cheerely as they say he did.

4 Lord. Y, and soone after he auouch'd the fact  
Vnto Brownes face then to giue bp the ghost.

2 Lord. 'Twas Gods good wil it should be so my Lord,  
But what said Browne, did he denie the deepe?

1 Mess. Neuer my Lord, but did with teares lament,  
(As seemd to vs) his hainous crueltie.

1 Lord. When wil they come?

1 Mess. Immediately my Lord,  
For they haue wind, and tide, and boats do wait.

*Enter M. Maior, M. Iames, &c.*

M. Iames. My Lordes, the Maior of Rochester is come  
with Browne. *Exit M. Iames*

4 Lord. Let him come in: you messenger,  
Haste you to London to the Iustices,  
Will them from vs see and indictment drawne,  
Against George Browne for murdering of George Sanders.

1 Lord. Welcome good master Maior of Rochester.

*Enter Maior, Browne, a Messenger, another, and M. Humphrie.*

Maior. I humbly thanke your honours.

4 Lord. We thank you.  
For you great care and diligence in this,  
And many other faithful seruices.  
Now maister Browne, I am sozie it was your happe,  
To be so farre from grace and feare of God,

*As*



*faire women.*

As to commit so bloudy a murder,  
What say ye: are ye not sozie for it?

Browne. Yes my Lord, and were it now to do,  
Al the worlds wealth could not intice me to t.

1 Lord. Was there any ancient quarrel Browne,  
Betwixt your selfe and maister Sanders?

Browne. No.

2 Lord. Was't for the money that he had about him?

Browne. No my good Lord I knew of none he had.

4 Lord. No, I heard an inckling of the cause,  
You did affect his wife George Browne too much.

Browne. I did my Lord, and God forgive it me.

3 Lord. Then she prouok'd ye to dispatch him.

Browne. No.

4 Lord. Yes, and promised you should marrie her.

Browne. No, I wil take it vpon my death.

1 Lord. Some other were confederate in the fact,  
Confesse then Browne, discharge thy conscience.

Browne. I wil my Lord at hower of my death.

2 Lord. Say now that they with thee may die for it.

*Maister Iames deliuer's a letter.*

4 Lord. From whom is this letter? open and reade it.

M Iam. From the Sheriffes of London.

4 Lord. I told ye mistris Sanders hand was in.  
The act's confest by two that she knew on t.

Bro. They do her wrong my Lords vpon my life,

4 Lord. Why Druries wife and Roger do affirme,  
Unto her face that she did giue consent.

Bro. God pardon them, they wrong the innocent.  
They both are guiltie and procurde the deed,  
And gaue me money since the deepe was done,  
Twentie sixe pound to carrie me away,  
But mistris Sanders as I hope for heauen,  
Is guiltlesse, ignorant how it was done,  
But Druries wife did beare me stil in hand,  
If he were dead she would effect the marriage,



## *A warning for*

And trusty Roger her base apple-squire  
Haunted me like a spright till it was done,  
And now like Diuels accuse that harmlesse soule.

1 Lord Well M. Browne, w'are sozry for your fall,  
You were a man respected of vs all,  
And noted fit for many seruices,  
And sic that wanton lust should ouerthrow  
Such gallant parts in any Gentleman:  
Now al our fauors cannot do ye good,  
The act's too odious to be spoken of,  
Therefore we must dismisse ye to the Law.

4 Lord Expect no life, but meditate of death,  
And for the safegard of thy sinful soule,  
Conceale no part of trueth for friend or foe.  
And maister Maior, as you haue taken paines,  
So finish it, and see him safe conueyd  
To the Iustices of the Bench at Westminster:  
Will them from vs to try him speedily,  
That Gentleman shal go along with you,  
And take in writing his confession.

2 Lo. Farewel George Browne, discharge thy conscience  
Bro. I do my Lord, that Sanders wife is cleere. *exennt om.*

*Enter some to prepare the iudgement seat to the Lord Maior,  
Lo. Iustice, and the foure Lords, and one Clearke, and a Shiriff,  
who being set, commaund Browne to be brought forth.*

1 Off. Come lets make haste, and wel prepare this place.

2 Off. How well I pray you: what haste more then was

1 Off. Why diuers lords are come from court to day. (wont  
To see th'arraignment of this lustie Browne.

2. Off. Lustie: how lustie: now he's tame enough,  
And wilbe tamer. Oh a lustie youth,  
Lustily fed, and lustily apparelled,  
Lustie in looke, in gate, in gallant talke,  
Lustie in wiving, in fight and murth'ring,  
And lustilie hangd, there's th'end of lustie Browne.

1 Off.



*faire women.*

1 Off. Hold your luttie peace, for here come the Lords.

*Enter all as before.*

L. Maior. Please it your honours, place your selues my lords

L. Iustice. Bring forth the prisoner, and keepe silence there,  
Prepare the Inditement that it may be read.

*Browne is brought in.*

Cleark. To the barre George Browne, & hold vp thy hand.  
Thou art here indited by the name of George Browne, late  
of London Gentleman, for that thou vpon the xxv. day of  
March in the xv. yeare of the raigne of her sacred Maiestie  
whom God long preserve, betwene the houres of vii. and  
viii. of the clocke in the forenone of the same day, nere vnto  
Shooters hill, in the countie of Kent, lying in wait of purpose  
and pretended malice, hauing no feare of God befoze thine  
eyes, the persons of George Sanders Gentleman, and Iohn  
Bean yeoman, then and there iourneying in Gods peace and  
the princes, feloniously did assault, and with one sword, pricke  
sixe shillings, mortally and wilfully, in many places diddest  
wound vnto the death against the peace, crown and dignitie  
of her maiestie. How saiest thou to these fellonious murders,  
art thou guiltie or not guiltie?

Bro. Guiltie.

Lo. Iust. The Lord haue mercie vpon thee.

Master Shiriff ye shal not need to returne any Jury to passe  
vpon him, for he hath pleaded guiltie, and stands conuict at  
the barre attending his iudgement. What canst thou say for  
thy selfe Browne, why sentence of death should not bee pro-  
nounced against thee?

Bro. Nothing my Lord, but onely do beseech,  
Those noble men assistants on that bench,  
And you my Lord who are to iustice sworne,  
As you will answer at Gods iudgement seat,  
To haue a care to saue the innocent,  
And (as my selfe) to let the guiltie die,  
That's Druries wife, and her man trustie Roger:

But



## *A warning for*

But if Anne Sanders die, I do protest  
As a man dead in law, that she shall haue  
The greatest wrong that ere had guiltlesse soule.

Lo. Iust. She shall haue iustice, and with fauor, Browne

4 Lo. Assure your selfe (Browne) she shall haue no wrong.

Bro. I humbly thanke your Lordships.

2 Lo. Hearke ye Browne,

What countryman are ye borne?

Bro. Of Ireland, and in Dublin.

Lo. Iust. Haue you not a brother calld Anthony Browne?

Bro. Yes my Lord, whome (as I heare)

Your Lordship keepes close prisoner now in Newgate.

Lo. Iust. Wel, two bad brothers, God forgive ye both.

Bro. Amen my Lord, and you, and al the world.

Lo. Iust. Attend your sentence.

Bro. Presently my Lord:

But I haue one petition first to make  
Unto those Noble men, which on my knees  
I do beseech them may not be denyed.

4 Lo. What ist George Browne?

Browne. I know the Law

Condemnes a murtherer to be hangd in chaines,  
O good my Lords, as you are Noble men  
Let me be buried so soone as I am dead.

1 Lo. Thou shalt, thou shalt, let not that trouble thee,  
But heare thy iudgement.

Lo. Iust. Browne, thou art here by Law condemn'd to die,  
Which by thine owne confession thou deseru'st.  
Al men must die, although by diuers meanes,  
The maner how is of least moment, but  
The matter why, condemns or iustifies:  
But be of comfort, though the world condemne,  
Yea, though thy conscience sting thee for thy fact,  
Yet God is greater than thy conscience,  
And he can saue whom al the world condemnes,  
If true repentance turne thee to his grace.

*The*



## *faire women.*

Thy time is short, therefore spend this thy time  
In praier and contemplation of thy end,  
Labour to die better then thou hast liu'd,  
God grant thou maist. Attend thy iudgement now:  
Thou must go from hence to the place frō whence thou camest  
From thence to th'appointed place of execution,  
And there be hangd vntill thou be dead,  
And thy bodie after at the p<sup>r</sup>inces pleasure:  
And so the Lo<sup>r</sup>d haue mercie vpon thee Browne.  
Master Shiriff, see execution, and now take him hence,  
And bzing those other prisoners that you haue.  
Bro. My Lo<sup>r</sup>ds forget not my petitions,  
Saue po<sup>r</sup>e Anne Sanders fo<sup>r</sup> sh<sup>e</sup>s innocent:  
And god my Lo<sup>r</sup>ds let me not hang in Chaines.

*Browne is led out, and Anne Sanders, and Drurie brought in.*

4 Lor. Farewel, let none of these things trouble thee.

1 Lor. See how he labors to acquit Anne Sanders.

4 Lor. What hath his brother that is in Newgate done?

Lo. Iust. Notorious felonies in Poweshire my Lo<sup>r</sup>d,

Hers come the prisoners: bzing them to the barre:

Read their inditement: master Shiriffe prepare

Your Iurie readie: command silence there.

*Anne Sanders hath a white Rose in her bosome.*

Clark. Anne Sanders, and Anne Drurie,

To the barre and hold vp your hands.

You are here ioyn<sup>t</sup>ly & seuerally indited in forme follo<sup>w</sup>ing,  
vz. that you Anne Sanders, and Anne Drurie, late of London  
Spinsters, & thou Roger Clement, late of the same yeoman,  
and euerie of you ioyn<sup>t</sup>ly and seuerally, befo<sup>r</sup>e and after the  
xxv. day of March last past, in the xv. yeare of the reigne of  
her sacred Ma<sup>i</sup>estie, whom God long preserve, hauing not  
the fear of God befo<sup>r</sup>e your eies, did maliciously conspire and  
conclude with one George Brown Gent. the death of George  
Sanders, late husband to you Anne Sanders, and did intice, a<sup>n</sup>-  
nimate and procure the said George Browne to murder the  
said



## *A warning for*

said maister Sanders: And also after the said heinous murther committed, did with mony and other means, aid relæue, and abet the said Browne, knowing him to haue done the dede, whereby you are all accessaries both befoze and after the fact contrarie to the peace, crowne, and dignitie of our soueraigne Lady the Quene: how say ye seuerally, Are ye guiltie, or not guiltie, as accessaries both befoze and after to this felonie and murther?

Anne. Not guiltie.

Drew. Not guiltie.

Clerk. How wil ye be tried?

Both. By God and by the Countrey.

Lo. Iust. Bring forth trustie Roger there,  
Roger what saist thou to this letter?

Who gaue it thee to carrie vnto Browne?

Rog. My mistris gaue it me,  
And she did write it on our Ladies Cue.

L. Iust. Did mistris Sanders know thereof or no?

Rog. She read it twise befoze the same was scald

Anne. Did I thou wicked man?

This man is hirde to betray my life,

2 Lord. Fie mistris Sanders, you doe not wel,  
To vse such speeches, when ye see the case,  
Is too too manifest. But I pray ye,  
Why do you weare that white rose in your bosome?

Anne. In token of my spotlesse innocence,  
As free from guilt as is this flower from staine.

2 Lord. I feare it wil not fal out so.

L. Iust. Roger what mony carried you to Browne,  
After the dede to get him gone withall?

Rog. Twentie sixe pounds, which coine was borrowed  
Parte of my mistris plate, and some of mistris Sanders.

L. Iust. How say ye to that mistris Sanders?

Anne. Indeede I grant I misse some of my plate,  
And now am glad I know the theefe that stole it.

Rog. O God so, giue ye, you did giue it me.

And



## *faire women.*

And God forgive me, I did loue you al,  
Too wel, which now I déerely answer for.

1 Lord. Anne Drurie, what say you was not the plate,  
Part of it yours, and the rest mistris Sanders,  
According as your man hath here confesse,  
With which she borrowed twentie pound for Browne?

Dru. My Lord it was.

2 Lord. And you and she together,  
Were priuie of the letter which was sent.  
Was it so or no? why do you not speake?

Dru. It was my Lord, and mistris Sanders knew,  
That Roger came the morning ere he went,  
And had a toke nfrom her to George Browne,  
A handkercher which after was sent backe,  
Imbrude in Sanders blood.

L. Iustice. Who brought that handkercher?

Dru. That did my man.

1 Lo. To whom did you deliuer it sirra?

Rog. To mistris Sanders at her house my Lord.

Anne. O God (my Lords) he openly belies me.  
I kept my childbed chamber at that time,  
Where it was not méete that he or any man  
Should haue accesse.

L. Iust. Go to, clog not your soule,  
With new additions of more hainous sinne.  
His thought beside conspiring of his death,  
You wrongd your husband with vchaste behaviour,  
For which the iustice of the righteous God,  
Meaning to strike you, yet reserves a place,  
Of gracious mercie, if you can repent,  
And therefore bring your wickednesse to light,  
That suffering for it in this world, you might,  
Upon your heartie sorrow be set free,  
And feare no further iudgement in the next,  
But if you spurne at his affliction,  
And beare his chastisement with grudging minds,



## *A warning for*

Your precious soule as wel as here your bodie,  
Are left in hazard of eternal death,  
Be sozrie therefore, tis no pettie sinne,  
But murder most bnnatural of al,  
Wherewith your hands are tainted, and in which,  
Before and after the accursed fact,  
You stand as accessarie: to be bziefe,  
You shal be carried backe vnto the place,  
From whence you came, and so from thence at last,  
Vnto the place of execution, where  
You shal al thze be hang'd til you be dead,  
And so the Lord haue mercie on your soules.

Anne. Ah good my Lords be good vnto Anne Sanders,  
Dz els you cast away an innocent.

2 Lord. It should not seme so by the rose you weare,  
His colour now is of another hue.

Anne. So you wil haue it: but my soule is stil,  
As free from murther as it was at first.

Lo. Iust. I think no lesse, Jailor, away with them.

Anne. Wel wel Anne Drury I may curse the time,  
That ere I saw the, thou broughtst me to this.

Rog. I will not curse, but God sozgiue ye both,  
For had I neuer knowne noz you noz her,  
I had not come vnto this shameful death.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter maister Browne to execution with the Sheriffe  
and Officers.*

Browne. Why do you stay me, in the waie of death,  
The peoples eies haue fed them with my sight,  
The little babies in the mothers armes,  
Haue wept soz those poze babies seeing me,  
That I by my murther haue left fatherlesse,  
And shrekt and started when I came along,  
And sadly sigh'd, as when their nurses vse  
To fright them with some monster when they crie.

Sheriffe. You haue a brother Browne, that soz a purther



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*faire women.*

Is lately here committed vnto Newgate,  
And hath obtained he may speake with you.

Browne. Haue I a brother, that hath done the like?  
Is there another Browne hath kild a Sanders?  
It is my other selfe hath done the dede,  
I am a thousand. euery murtherer is my owne selfe,  
I am at one time in a thousand places,  
And I haue slaine a thousand Sanderses,  
In euery shire, each cittie, and each towne,  
George Sanders stil is murthered by George Browne.

*Brownes brother is brought forth.*

Brow.bro. Brother. Brow. Dost thou meane me?  
Is there a man wil call me brother?

Brownes bro. Yes I wil cal thee so, and may do it,  
That haue a hand as deepe in bloud as thou.

Brown. Brother I know thee well, of whence was thine?

Brother. Of Poike he was.

Browne. Sanders of London mine.

Then see I wel Englands two greatest towne,  
Both filld with murders done by both the Brownes.

Brother. Then may I rightly chalenge thee a brother.  
Thou slewest one in the one, I one in th' other.

Browne. When didst thou thine?

Brother. A month or five weekes past.

Browne. Hardly to say then which was done the last,  
Where shalt thou suffer?

Brother. Where I did the fact,

Browne. And I here brother where I laid my act:  
Then I see wel that be it nere or further,  
That heauen wil stil take due reuenge on murther.

Brother. Brother farewell, I see we both must die,  
At London you this weeke, next at Poike I.

Browne. Two lucklesse brothers sent both at one hower,  
The one from Newgate, thother from the Tower. *Exit Brot.*

Sheriffe. Browne: yet at last to satisfie the world,  
And so, a true and certaine testimonie,



## *A warning for*

O! thy repentance for this deed committed,  
Now at the houre of death, as thou doest hope  
To haue thy sinnes forgiven at Gods hands,  
Freely confesse what yet unto this houre,  
Against thy conscience (Browne) thou hast concealde,  
Anne Sanders knowledge of her husbands death.

Bro. Have I not made a covenant with hell, *Aside.*  
That for the loue that I euer bare to her,  
I will sell her life by my confession,  
And shall I now confesse it? I am a villaine,  
I will neuer do it: Shall it be said Browne prou'd  
A recreant: (and yet I haue a soule.)  
Well, God the rest reueale:

I will confesse my sinnes, but this conceale.

Upon my death shes guiltlesse of the fact.

Well, much a do I had to bring it out, *Aside.*  
My conscience scarce would let me vtter it,  
I am glad tis past.

Shiriff. But Browne, it is confess by Druries wife,  
That she is guiltie: which doth fully proue  
Thou hast no true contrition, but concealst  
Her wickednesse, the balld vnto her sinne.

Bro. Let her confesse what she thinkes good:  
Trouble me no moze good master Shiriff.

Shiriff. Browne, thy soule knowes.

Bro. Yea, yea, it does: pray you be quiet sir:  
Wile would how like a monster come I sayd from thee?  
How haue I wallow'd in thy lothsome filth,  
Drunk and besmeard with al thy bestial sinne?  
I neuer spake of God, bulesse when I  
Haue blasphem'd his name with monstrous oathes:  
I neuer read the scriptures in my life,  
But did esteeme them worse then vanitie:  
I neuer came in Church where God was taught,  
Nor euer to the comfort of my soule  
Toke benefite of Sacrament or Baptisme:

The



## *faire women.*

The Sabbath dayes I spent in common strewes,  
Unchristie gaming, and vile perjuries:  
I held no man once worthie to be spoke of  
That went not in some strange disguise attire,  
Or had not fetcht some vile monstrous fashion,  
To bring in odious detestable pride:  
I hated any man that did not doe  
Some damned or some hated filthy deed,  
That had bene death for vertuous men to heare,  
Of all the worst that liue, I was the worst,  
Of all the cursed, I the most accursed,  
All carelesse men be warned by my end,  
And by my fall your wicked liues amend.

*He leapes off.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

Messen. It is the Countells pleasure master Shiriff,  
The bodie be conaide to Shouters hill,  
And there hung vp in Chaines.

Shiriff. It shal be done.

*Enter master Iames with the Minister.*

M. Iam. Why, then you are perswaded certainly,  
That mistres Sanders is meere innocent?

Min. That am I sir, even in my verie soule,  
Compare but all the likelihoodes thereof,  
First hir most firme deniell of the fact,  
Next mistres Druries flat confession,  
That onely she and Roger did contriue  
The death of master Sanders: then your selfe  
Cannot but be of mine opinion.

M. Iam. Then al you labour for,  
Is that I should procure her pardon.

Min. To save an innocent,  
Is the most Christian worke that man can do  
Beside, if you performe it sir, sound recompence,  
Shal quit your paines so well employed herein.

M. Iam.



## *A warning for*

**M. Ia.** Now let me tell ye, that I am ashamde,  
A man of your profession should appeare  
So far from grace, and touch of conscience,  
As making no respect of his owne soule,  
He should with such audaciousnes presume  
To baffle Justice, and abuse the seate,  
With your fond ouer-wrining and lye fetch.  
Thinke you the world discerneth not your drift?  
Do not I know, that if you could preuaile,  
By this far fetcht insinuation,  
And mistris Sanders pardon thus obtainde,  
That your intent is then to marry her?  
And thus you haue abused her poore soule,  
In trusting to so weake and vaine a hope.  
Well sir, since you haue so forgot your selfe,  
And (shamelesse) blush not at so bold offence:  
Upon their day of execution,  
And at the selfe same place, vpon a pillozie,  
There shall you stand, that al the world may see,  
A iust desert for such impietie.

**Min.** Good sir heare me.

**M. Ia.** I wil not heare thee, come and get thee hence,  
For such a fault, to meane a recompence. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Carpenters vnder Newgate.*

**Will.** Tom Peart my old companion? well met.

**Tom.** Good morrow Wil Crow, good morrow, how dost?  
I haue not sene thee a great while.

**Will.** Well I thank God, how dost thou? where hast thou  
bin this morning so early?

**Tom.** Faith I haue bin bp euer since thre a clocke.

**Will.** About what man?

**Tom.** Why to make worke for the hangman: I and an  
other haue bin setting vp a gallowes.

**Will.** O for mistris Drewry, must she die to day?

**Tom.** Nay I know not that, but when she does, I am  
sure



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## *faire women.*

sure there is a gallowes big enough to hold them both.

Will. Both whom : her man and her.

Tom. Her man and her, and missis Sanders too, tis a  
swinger playth. But come Ile giue thee a pot this morning,  
for I promise thee I am passing drie after my worke.

Will. Content Tom, and I haue another for thee, and  
afterward Ile go see the execution.

Tom. Do as thou wilt for that.

Will. But dost thou thinke it will be to day?

Tom. I cannot tell, Smithfield is full of people, and  
the Shiriffes man that set vs a worke told vs it would be to  
day. But come shall we haue this Beere?

Will. With a good will, leade the way.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anne Sanders and her keeper  
following her.*

Keeper. Cal'd you missis Sanders?

Anne. Keeper I did:

I pzethee fetch vp missis Drurie to me,  
I haue a great desire to talke with her.

Keeper. She shall be brought vnto you presently.

*Exit.*

Anne. Oh God, as I was standing at a grate,  
That looke into the streete, I heard men talke,  
The execution should be done to day,  
And what a paire of Gallowes were set vp,  
Both strong and big enough to hold vs all:  
Which words haue stricke such terror to my soule,  
As I cannot be quiet till I know  
Whether Nan Drurie be resolued still  
To cleare me of the murder as she promise,  
And here she comes: I pzethee gentle Keeper,  
Giue vs a little leaue we may conferre  
Of things that neerly do concerne our soules.

*Is*

Keeper.



## *A warning for*

**Keep.** With al my hart, take tinte & scope enough. *Exit.*

**Dru.** How mistris Sanders, whats your wil with mee

**Anne.** Oh mistris Drury, now the houre is come

To put your loue vnto the touch, to try

If it be currant, or but counterfeit.

This day it is appoynted we must die,

How say you then, are you stil purposed

To take the murder vpon your selfe?

O, wil you now recant your former words?

**Dru.** Anne Sanders, Anne, tis time to turne the leafe,

And leaue dissembling, being so neere my death,

The like I would aduise your selfe to do.

We haue bin both notorizous vile transgressors,

And this is not the way to get remission,

By ioyning sinne to sinne, nor doth t agree

With godly christians, but with reprobates,

And such as haue no taste of any grace,

And therefore (soz my part) Ile cleare my conscience,

And make the truth apparant to the world.

**Anne.** Will you proue then inconstant to your friend?

**Dru.** Should I, to purchase safety soz another,

O, lengthen out anothers tempoꝝall life,

Hazard mine owne soule eueralstingly,

And lose the endlesse iopes of heauen,

Prepares soz such as wil confesse their sinnes?

No mistris Sanders, yet there s time of grace,

And yet we may obtaine forgiveness,

If we wil seeke it at our hainous hands.

But if we wilfully shut vp our hearts

Against the holy spirit that knockes soz entrance

It is not this worlds punishment shal serue,

Noz death of body, but our soules shal liue

In endlesse tozments of vquenchted fire.

**Anne.** Your words amaze me, and although ile hold

I neuer had intention to confesse

My hainous sinne, that so I might escape

my selfe

The



## *faire women.*

The worlds reproach, yet God I giue him thanks  
Euen at this instant I am strangely changed,  
And wil no longer dꝛiue repentance off,  
Noꝛ cloake my guiltinesse befoze the world:  
And in good time see where the Doctor commes,  
By whome I haue bin seriously instructed.

Doct. Good morrow mistris Sanders, and soules health  
Vnto you both: pꝛepare your selues foꝛ death,  
The houre is nowe at hand, and mistris Sanders,  
At length acknowledge and confesse your fault,  
That God may be pꝛopitioner to your soule.

Anne. Right reuerend sir, not to delude the world,  
Noꝛ longer to abuse your patience;  
Here I confesse I am a grievous sinner,  
And haue pꝛouokt the heauy wꝛath of God,  
Not onely by consenting to the death  
Of my late husband, but by wicked lust,  
And wilful sinne, denyng of the fault:  
But now I do repent and hate my selfe,  
Thinking the punishment pꝛeparde foꝛ me,  
Not halfe seuer enough foꝛ my deserts.

Doct. Done like a christian and the childe of grace,  
Pleasing to God, to angels, and to men,  
And doubt not but your soule shall finde a place  
In Abrahams bosome, though your body perish.  
And mistris Drewry, shynke not from your faith,  
But valiantly pꝛepare to dꝛinke this cup  
Of slowe affliction, twill raise vp to you  
A crowne of gloꝛy in another world.

Dru. Good M. Doctor, I am bound to you,  
My soule was ignorant, blind, and almost choak't  
With this worlds vanities, but by your counsell,  
I am as well resolu'd to goe to death,  
As if I were invited to a banquet:  
Say such assurance haue I in the blood  
Of him that died foꝛ me, as neither fire,



## *A warning for*

**Sword nor torment could retaine me from him.**

**Doctor.** Spoke like a champion of the holy Crosse.  
**Now** mistress Sanders, let me tell to you:  
**Your** childezen hearing this day was the last  
**They** should behold their mother on the earth,  
**Are** come to haue your blessing ere you dye,  
**And** take their sorrowful farewel of you:

**Anne.** A sorrowfull farewel t wil be indæde  
**To** them (poore wretches) whom I haue depriude,  
**Of** both the natural succours of their youth:  
**But** call them in, and gentle Keeper, bring me  
**Those** booke that lie within my chamber window.  
**Oh** maister Doctor, were my breast transparent,  
**That** what is figurd there, might be percein'd,  
**Now** should you see the very image of poore  
**And** tottred ruines, and a flaine conscience:  
**Here** here they come beblind mine eyes with teares,  
**And** soule and body now insunder part.

**All.** Oh mother, mother.

**Anne.** Oh my deare childezen!  
**I** am vnworthy of the name of Mother.

**All.** Turne not your face from vs, but ere you die,  
**Give** vs your blessing.

**Anne.** Kneele not vnto me,  
**It** is I that haue deseru'd to kneele to you.  
**My** trespass hath bereft you of a father,  
**A** louing father, a kinde careful father,  
**And** by that selfe same action, that soule deede  
**Your** mother likewise is to go from you,  
**Leauing** you (poore soules) by her offence,  
**A** corasie and a scandall to the world.  
**But** could my husband and your father heare me,  
**Thus** humbly at his fete would I fal downe,  
**And** plentifull in teares bewayle my fault.  
**Merre** I aske of God, of him, and you,  
**And** of his kinred which I haue abulde,

**And**



## *faire women.*

And of my friends and kinred wheresoeuer,  
Of whom I am ashamed and abasht,  
And of al men and women in the world,  
Whome by my soule example I haue grien'd,  
Though I doe see no pity at their hands,  
Yet I beseech them all to pardon me,  
And God I thanke that hath found out my sin,  
And brought me to affliction in this world,  
Thereby to saue me in the world to come.  
Oh children learne, learne by your mothers fall  
To follow vertue, and beware of sinne,  
Whose baites are swete and pleasing to the eie,  
But being tainted, moze infect than payson,  
And are farre bitterer than gall it selfe,  
And li'ud in, dayes where you haue wealth at will,  
As once I had, and are well matcht beside:  
Content your selues, and surfet not on pride.

*Enter Sheriffe bringing in Trusty Roger with  
holberds.*

Sheriffe. What M. Doctor, haue you made an end?  
The morning is far spent, tis time to go.

Doct. Euen when you wil, M. Sheriffe, we are ready.

Anne. Behold (my children,) I wil not bequeath,  
O: gold o: siluer to you, you are left  
Sufficiently prouided in that poynt,  
But here I giue to each of you a booke  
Of holy meditations, Bradfords wo:kes,  
That vertuous chosen seruant of the Lord,  
Therein you shalbe richer than with gold,  
Safier than in faire buildings: happier  
Than al the pleasures of this world can make you.  
Sleepe not without them when you go to bed,  
And rise a mornings with them in your hands.  
So God send downe his blessing on you al:  
Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.



## *A warning for*

*She kisses them one after another.*

May stay not to disturbe me with your teares,  
The time is come sweete hearts, and we must part,  
That way go you, this way my beaue heart. *Exeunt.*

*Tragedie enters to conclude.*

Tra. Were are the launces that haue since's forth time,  
And ript the venom'd vicer of foule lust,  
Which being by due vengeance qualified,  
Were Tragedie of soyce must needes conclude.  
Perhaps it may seeme strange vnto you al,  
That one hath not reuengde anothers death,  
After the obseruation of such course:  
The reason is, that now of truth I sing,  
And should I adde, or else diminish aught,  
Many of these spectators then could say,  
I haue committed erro: in my play.  
Beare with this true and home-borne Tragedie,  
Weelding so slender argument and scope,  
To build a matter of importance on,  
And in such forme as happily you expected.  
What now hath said, to morrow you shall see,  
Perform'd by Hystorie or Comedie. *Exit.*

FINIS.



